The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

For the Constellation.

FLORA'S DIAMOND.

The sun had lash'd his glowing steeds,
To travel from the eastern main,
And ebon night had doff'd her weeds,
And sparkling day commenc'd her reign,
While all around, below, above,
Was fill'd with innocence and love.

The early lark began to sing,
The ploughboy whistled o'er the lea,
Each insect plum'd its little wing,
And o'er the hair-bell humm'd the bee;
And every leaf, and every flower,
Display'd the force of nature's power.

When Flora, clad in bright array,
Came tripping thro' the yellow mead,
Her shoulders hung with garlands gay,
And milky lilies bound her head;
A robe of muslin waved behind,
Her tresses kiss'd the passing wind.

Her hands the purple violet grac'd,
Her bosom nurs'd the rose divine,
Her sandals were with ivy lac'd,
Her girdle was a columbine;
The modest cowslip bent its head,
And daisies bow'd beneath her tread.

She hasten'd through each gay parterre,
And stop'd before her fav'rite tree,
Whose buds just opening to the air,
Proclaim'd a flower in infancy;
And one escaping blush was seen
To greet the presence of its queen.

But on its mossy leaves did rest
A dew-drop of the new born day,
The tender branch by Flora press'd,
Dash'd the clear chrystal from the spray,
And on her hand a diamond grows,
To deck the mistress of the rose.

22d March, 1833. S. I.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

THE ITALIAN CHARACTER.—The langour of Italy in climate, manners, and pursuits, melts away all individual character in the central southern divisions of the land. But the north boasts of manlier propensities. The wind blows vigour of mind and body from the Alps. Beyond those hills lie Switzerland, the country of penury and freedom; Germany, the country of toil, mental and bodily. Even the rough mountaineer of the Tyrol gives his share to the general activity of the region: and the Veronese, though glancing on the luxuriant landscape that spreads like the waves of a summer sea to the south, feels the spirit of the hills and forest in him at every breath, from those noble bulwarks of the land. The character of the Italian is thus mingled of contending elements, and as chance directs, it is propelled to the lavish indulgence of the Neapolitan, or to the hardy habits of the region that every morning glitters with its ten thousand pyramids of marble, and its ten times ten thousand pinnacles of eternal snow above his head in the north.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

ROSES OF PERSIA.—Amongst the various flowers which adorn this earthly paradise, the rose is abundant and of a mild fragrance. The same inferiority in size, beauty and smell is likewise apparent in the cultivated rose, the far famed *gul* of the Persian gardens. One morning, while at breakfast, at Bushire, a servant of the residency brought to us a small nosegay, as a *peshcush*, (or present,) the flowers composing which, were the first of the season. Amongst them was a rose, but of such small dimensions, that I was tempted to inquire whether the Rose of Persia, the fabled favourite of the *bulbul*, was not generally considered brilliant and of powerful scent? I think Captain Hennell then told me, that so far from the notion being correct, the flower was there so insignificant, though the trees were large, that it required at least two hundred thousand of them to make one ounce of *attar gul*—(attar of rose.)—*Stocqueler's Journey from India to England.*

CURE FOR THE LAZY FEVER.—The 151 chapitre doth show of an evyll fever; the which doth combat yonge persons, named the fever burden (lazy fever.) Among all the fevers, I had almost forgotten the fever burden with which many yonge men, yonge women, maydens and other yonge persons be sore infected now-a-dayes. The cause of this infirmitee:—This fever doth come naturally, or else by evyll and slothful bringing up. If it do come by nature, then the fever is incurable; for it can never get out of the fleshe that is bred in the bone. If it come by slothful bringing up, it may be helped by diligent labor. A remedy: There is nothyng for the fever burden, as is *nuguentum baculinum*: that is to say take a stick, or wand of a yard of length and more, and let it be as great as a man's fynger, and with it anoynt the back and shoulders well, morning and evening, and do this 21 days, and if this fever wyll not be helpn in that time, let them beware of waggingo on the gallowse; and whyles they do take their medicine, put on lubberwort in theyr potage.—'*The Breviary of Health,' by Andrew Boorde, Phisyche Doctoure, Anno* 1557.

ARAB WOMEN.—They are very delicately moulded. Never have I seen such twinking feet, and such small hands. Their complexion is clear, and not dark; their features beautifully formed and sharply defined; their eyes liquid with passion, and bright with intelligence. The traveller is delighted to find himself in an oriental country, where the women are not imprisoned and scarcely veiled. For a long time I could not detect the reason why I was so charmed with Egyptian life. At last I recollected, that I had recurred, after a long estrangement, to the cheerful influence of woman.—*Contarini Fleming.*

THE RAINBOW.

Behold where shines in glorious show
Of lucid tints, the painted bow!
But trust not to the varying light,
As evanescent as 'tis bright.
Turn where the sun's effulgent blaze
Illumes the heaven with purer rays—
Rays that from gloom and midnight borrow
Fresh glories to adorn the morrow.
Behold the moral truth displayed,
How quickly beauty's splendours fade!
How pure, how lasting, how refined,
The clearer beams that grace the mind!

Mrs. J. Cobbold, in Juvenile Forget Me Not.

LONDON.—No City in Christendom announces itself so far, or sends to such a distance the decided intimations of its extent and power. Twenty miles before its pinnacles and spires are visible, the black cloud of smoke and vapour that hangs over it, as a perpetual canopy, is seen to swell up in the horizon, like the dark forms at sea, which sometimes announce the approach to a vast continent.* Almost as far off, an increase in the amount of passengers is perceptible.—Stage coaches of all sizes and forms crowded with passengers on their tops, that make them seem instinct with life, hurry by in succession, and the post chaises and equipages multiply to such numbers, that one not accustomed to calculate the wide influence of so great a city, can hardly persuade himself that he is not already approaching its suburbs. Some miles however, before he is so near as this, the numbers of everything moving begin to look like crowds, and soon afterwards the crowds fall into an almost incessant and uninterrupted stream. In the mean time, the roads and streets are growing wide, and the shops more frequent, rich, and showy, the villages disappear, or rather become considerable towns; and the towns are gradually changed into a continued succession of suburbs, through the midst of which, the astonished stranger hastens forward, until driven perpetually on by the unbroken torrent, he finds himself borne, at last, into the endless multitudes of the metropolis itself.—*North Am. Review.*

* The smoke of the British Metropolis has been traced as a distinct body as far as Reading (Berks), a distance of *thirty-nine miles.*—[*Bookworm.*]

POST-OFFICES.—They were first established in Paris 1462; in England, 1581; in Germany, 1641; in the Turkish dominions, 1740; regulated by Parliament, and made general in England, 1656; and in Scotland, 1685.

HOPE.

The gloomiest soul is not ALL gloom;
The saddest heart is not ALL sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never QUITE despair;
Nor life, nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care,
Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

Mrs. Hemans.

DEATH.—The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke.—They raised altars to fever, to misfortune, to all the evils of life; for these might change! But though they did not court the presence of death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquility; and in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion, death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep; and ever the friend of the unhappy! To the eternal sleep of death they dedicated their sepulchral monuments—*Æternali Somno!* If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpses, and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul. A butterfly on the extremity of an extinguished lamp held up by the messenger of the Gods intently gazing above, implied a dedication of that soul; Love, with a melancholy air, his legs crossed, leaning on an inverted torch, the flame thus naturally extinguishing itself, elegantly denoted the cessation of human life; a rose sculptured on a sarcophagus, or the emblems of epicurean life traced on it, in a skull wreathed by a chaplet of flowers, such as they wore at their convivial meetings, a flask of wine, a patera, and the small bones used as dice; all these symbols were indirect allusions to death, veiling its painful recollections. . . . . Even the terms which different nations have bestowed on a burial place are not associated with emotions of horror. The Greeks called a burying ground by the soothing term of *Cœmetrian*, or "the sleeping-place": the Jews, who had no horrors of the grave, by *Bethhaim*, or "the house of the living": the Germans, with religious simplicity, "God's field."—*Curios Lit. Second Series.*

COMMERCIAL INDUSTRY.—The real lamp of Aladdin is that on the merchant's desk. All the genii, white, olive or black, who people the atmosphere of earth, it puts in motion at the antipodes. It builds palaces in the wilderness, and cities in the forest; and collects every splendor, and every refinement of luxury, from the fingers of subservient toil. Kings of the east are slaves of the lamp; the winds blow, the seas roll, only to work the behest of its master.

THE POETRY OF PETRARCH.

Petrarch is the most successful among those poets who surprise us with traits of nature that have escaped our observation, or faded from our memories, and affect us as if they restored to us a lost or absent friend, with all the tender illusion, though without the indistinctness of a dream. In Petrarch's poetry we meet with every little circumstance of our passion,—the pains—the pleasures—the hopes—the fears we have experienced; and sometimes, by a single line, he transports us back again, to live with the person who was once dearest to us, and who may have long ago disappeared from our eyes, and almost from our recollection. The sublimity of his style, and the ornament of his images, so far from repelling us, draw us to him, because he seems to employ every effort of his talents to make us the spectators and compassions of his happiness or of his misery. "Here she sang sweetly, and here she sat; there she turned, and there she paused; here her beautiful eyes penetrated my soul, and there her countenance changed."—It is in the expression of such above all feelings, that Petrarch enters into every heart, and that all hearts enter into his. Neatness of expression—delicacy of sentiment—platonic ecstacy, all yield to the violence of his grief; and we witness the dreadful conflict of nature with despair, of passion with religion.

Petrarch poured forth his verses to the sound of his lute, which he bequeathed in his will to a friend, and his voice was sweet, flexible, and of great compass. All the love-poetry of his predecessors, except that of Cino, wants sweetness of numbers; but the sweetness of Petrarch is enlivened by a variety, a rapidity, and a glow which no Italian poetry has ever possessed in an equal degree. The power of preserving, and at the same time of diversifying, the rhyme, belongs to him alone; his melody is perpetual, and yet never wearies the ear.—*Ugo Foscolo's Essays.*

LIBRARY OF THE ESCURIAL.

From the Pantheon we ascended to the principal library, which is situated over the porch in the square of the kings, and occupies a great extent on that side of the building. The floor is of white and grey marble, and the ceiling is admirably painted in fresco with subjects analogous to the place. In one compartment, Philosophy is showing the terraqueous globe to Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Seneca, all in colossal figures; and below the cornice is the school of Atenas, divided into the two sects of Stoics and Academics. In another, Grammar, enthroned on clouds, surrounded by children with books and papers in their hands, presents to them a wreath of flowers to excite emulation. Between the cornice, the sons of Noah are seen building the tower of Babel, where God confounded their language, and gave them different dialects; and on the opposite side is represented the first school that was ever formed in the world, as far as we know, in which, by order of Nebuchadnezzar, the Israelite and Chaldean boys were collected in order to learn the Babylonian idiom, and other sciences. A third compartment is assigned to Rhetoric, in which are introduced Isocrates, Demosthenes, Cicero, and Quintillian. Cicero is pleading before Rabirius, accused of treason, and the painting represents the emotions which his eloquence kindles in the hearts of the judges, and the liberation of the prisoner. Arithmetic, dialectics, music, geometry, astronomy, and theology, have each their separate compartments, and the *tout ensemble* is magnificent. Along the middle of the room are ranged seven tables, two of porphyry, and the other five of marble, which sustain spheres, terrestrial and celestial globes, according to different systems. The book-cases are ranged on both sides, between the windows, and contain printed books in all languages. They are mostly bound in parchment; upon their edges, which are all gilt, the titles are written, and for this reason, as well as for that of enabling the librarian to take them out and put them in again with greater facility, the books are placed with the edges outwards. Amongst the curiosities of this library, is preserved with much care a large folio volume, in which the four Gospels, and certain productions of the holy fathers, are written in letters of gold. It was commenced by direction of the Emperor Conrad, and finished in the time of his son Henry II., and is, therefore at least seven hundred and eighty years old; yet the letters appear as fresh as if they were recently executed. The pages are beautifully illuminated. Another curious volume is also shown which contains the Apocalypse exquisitely written. At the beginning of each chapter there is an illuminated representation of its contents.

Over this library there is another apartment equally extensive, which is chiefly appropriated to manuscripts in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Latin, and other languages. Among these are several very ancient Bibles in different languages, particularly a Greek copy a little injured, which belonged to the Emperor Cantacuene, and is said to agree very closely with that of the seven interpreters. Not the least curious of these treasures, is an Alcoran. The total number of the manuscripts is at present estimated at 4000, and of printed books, in both libraries, at 24,000. Their number at one time was considerably greater, but several of the former were consumed in a destructive fire which occurred in the Escurial in 1671; and when the intrusive king was in Madrid, he ordered the printed books to be removed to the convent of the Trinity in that capital. Upon the restoration, they were conveyed back to the Escurial, but upwards of 10,000 were found missing.—*Quin's Visit to Spain.*

THE POLISH EMIGRANTS.

By the Author of "The [illegible]"

[illegible]

The [illegible],
And [illegible] the eye,
W[illegible], like a [illegible],
He had [illegible] sea and sky.

But on his [illegible] cheek,
And in his [illegible] hand,
A heart [illegible]
With [illegible] feelings [illegible];

For he had left behind
A wife who [illegible]
And [illegible] the [illegible] word
Than [illegible]—Away, away!

[illegible]
[illegible];
[illegible] the sea,
On [illegible] he heard them call.

On fiercely he dash'd down
[illegible]
[illegible] with a frown,
He prayed to God for strength.

"Hold up!" the father cried,
"If Poland's sons [illegible],
The mother o'er the tide
May follow with her *free*.

But Poland yet shall fling
Dismay on Poland's foes,
As when the Wizard King*
Aveng'd her ancient woes.

For soon her cause will be
Roused Europe's battle cry.
'To perish or be free!
To conquer or to die!' "

His hands clasp'd o'er his head,
The [illegible] look'd up [illegible];
"So be it Lord!" he said,
And still look'd up and pray'd:—

Till from his eyes like rain,
When first the black clouds grow,
The agony of pain,
In tears, gush'd from his soul.

* The name which the Turks, in their superstitious dread, gave to the great Sobieski.

M. ALEXANDRE THE VENTRILOQUIST.

Many of our readers will, no doubt, recollect with pleasure, the performances of M. Alexandre, during his visit, some years since, to the British islands, where, as in every other country to which his peregrinations have extended, he was not less admired as an artist than esteemed as a man.

Alexandre Valtemare is a native of Paris; he was bred a surgeon, and in that capacity he came, during the war in 1814, with a convoy of sick Prussians, to Berlin. His talents for ventriloquism and mimic representation, led him to relinquish his former career, and to resort to the exercise of those talents as a source of profit. The immediate occasion of this change, was a desire to relieve the wants of an unfortunate French family, who were utter strangers to him. He then, being yet very young, travelled as a ventriloquist, in the years 1815 to 1819, through all Germany, Austria, part of Hungary, and Poland. His extraordinary talents, his modesty, and the benevolent object of his art, every where procured him the warmest applause, and the most flattering testimonies of many crowned heads, Princes, and distinguished personages.

The brilliant success of his efforts encouraged Alexandre to pursue the career on which he had entered. He visited the Netherlands, and proceeded to England. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, he passed six years, earning fame and profit. Besides the faculty of producing the most diverse voices and tones in every direction, and at every distance, he possesses uncommon mimetic talents, and can represent persons of different sexes, ages, condition, and figure, with such rapidity of change, that it appears like enchantment. In England he thus personated, in one evening, forty different characters. The most eminent poets, authors, and other celebrated men, expressed their regard for him in writing; and these testimonies laid the foundation of an Album, which may be pronounced unique. Among these compliments paid to him in Great Britain, was the following impromptu, by the late Sir Walter Scott:—

TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE.

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good,
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folks say to you, who have faces so plenty,
That from under one hood you last night showed us twenty?
Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome, or ugly? in age, or in youth?
Man, woman, or child? or a dog, or a mouse?
Or are you at once ev'ry living thing in the house?
Each live thing did I ask? each dead implement too!
A work-shop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw!
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be, at the least, Alexandre and Co.
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob—
And that I, as the sheriff, must take up the job;
And, instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the Riot Act, and bid you disperse!

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, 23d April, 1824.

Some idea of the profit derived by Alexandre from his exhibitions in the three kingdoms, may be formed from the circumstance that, during his stay in Dublin alone, his donations to the public charities exceeded 1,000l. Thus the artist, who commenced in poverty, has become a wealthy man: he possesses a large house in Paris, and a fine country seat near that capital, his usual place of abode, adorned with many interesting collections of art; and he travels in the style of a nobleman, in his own carriage and four, attended by his wife and servants.

Since Alexandre's return to France in 1827, he has visited all the towns of consequence in that kingdom. In 1829 he made a tour of Switzerland, and has since paid a second visit to the Netherlands, whence he is now proceeding to the South of Germany.

The numerous written tributes paid to his talents suggested to him the idea of forming a collection of autographs of distinguished persons of our times; and this idea he has followed up with such perseverance and success, that his collection now comprises many thousand autographs of the most eminent of our contemporaries in Great Britain and on the continent,—Kings, Princes, statesmen, soldiers, scholars, poets, artists, men of science, &c. We regret that our limits will not allow us to extract more from this rich store of ingenious remarks and interesting poems.

These autographs, placed without any kind of order, already fill a thick folio volume, which comprises specimens not only of all the European languages, but even in Mongal and Turkish. In the latter, there is a letter by the Chancellor of Mehemed Ali, Pacha of Egypt. This officer, who has the superintendance of the young Egyptians educating in Paris, was ordered by his master to give him an account of every thing remarkable that occurred in Paris, and in France in general. The Chancellor, with his pupils, witnessed Alexandre's exhibitions, and was so struck by them, that he immediately despatched a letter on the subject to his Pacha. He informs him, in the style of the east, that among the many astonishing things in the capital of the world, the focus of all the arts and sciences, as he calls Paris, Alexandre deserves particular mention. He proceeds to describe his representations in the same manner, and concludes in the genuine oriental fashion, with the assurance that his delineation is no more to be compared with the original, than a drop of water with the ocean. He gave Alexandre a copy of this despatch, to which an authenticated French translation is appended.

It is the intention of the owner to arrange these autographs, to attach to each a portrait and short biography of the writer, and to have the whole elegantly bound. A collection of English, German, French, and Dutch criticisms on Alexandre's performances, together with engravings illustrative of them, fills a second volume, of the same dimensions as the other.

Lond. Jour.

CHARACTER OF BANDITTI.

"Before the reader proceeds further, I will warn him, that he will not find my robbers such romantic, generous characters as those that occasionally figure in the fields of fiction. He will meet with men strangers to that virtuous violence of robbing the rich to give to the poor. They give to the poor indeed, but it is as spies and instruments of their own crimes, or at least in order to induce the poor to remain passive while they carry on their work of depredation against the rich. It could scarcely be deemed great liberality in men who, fresh from the easy plunder of a treasure, should scatter a few dollars among the needy peasantry; but even these few dollars are given from motives directly selfish. I shall have one touching trait to tell of a robber of the Abruzzi, who respected the person and property, not only of a poet, but of the poet's companions, who fell into his hands; but among Italian banditti, I never could hear of a Robin Hood, and still less of a refined metaphysical "Robber Moor," that high-minded, romantic hero of Schiller, who is driven to bold villainy by the paltry, covert vices of society.

The effect Schiller's tragedy of "The Robbers" produced on the romantic youths of Germany is well remembered; they became enamoured of a brigand's life, and thought the loftier and more generous virtues incompatible with a life of dull honesty and submission to the laws of society. But the *beau ideal* that deluded them was only ideal, and in reality robbers no more deliver touching monologues to the setting sun, than they unite elegance and virtue with violence and guilt; and when they took to the forest and the wild, and levied contributions (as several raw students actually did), they must soon have found that they could qualify themselves for the gallows without reaching the sublimities of poetry and sentiment elicited by the fervid imagination of the poet—who, be it recollected, was a stripling like themselves when he wrote "The Robbers."

The soberer minds of British youth were never led by play, poem, or romance, to such a dangerous imitation; but I can well recall the time when, with others of my own age, I fancied it one of the most romantic things possible to be a captain of bold banditti, with a forest more leafy than Ardennes for my haunt and a ruined abbey or castle, or inapproachable cave for my home—with followers so true that they would rather die piecemeal than betray their captain or a comrade, and with the enviable *finale* to every day's perils and adventures—of the jovial banquet, the song, the chorus, and the wild legendary tale, or recital of our own daring deeds. This was the dream of a boy; but even when I was emancipated from the pleasant enthralments of "The Bandit's Bride," and similar productions, it was long before I could divest brigandism of its cloak of romance, and see it in its own horrible nakedness. In my own particular case, which I dare say is not a singular one, the charm of banditti romance was strengthened and prolonged by the pictures of Salvator Rosa, and the prints from that great master and from our own Mortimer; and though I never went quite the length of a young friend, who, on seeing for the first time a savage, rugged mountain pass, with a torrent brawling thro' it, on the confines of Calabria, expressed a hurried regret that there were not a few of such figures as Salvator depicted to make it complete; still I could rarely see such a scene without fancying such figures; and as, between Spain and Italy, I wandered a good deal in my youth in romantic scenery, the brigands, by frequent association of ideas, became familiar to me, and were invested with all the picturesqueness of nature and of the painters. In this manner they were still somewhat ennobled in my eyes.

But even this minor degree of illusion had considerably given way to time and experience, and the stories of the vulgar atrocities of the banditti, which I had heard in Apulia, the Calabrias, the Abruzzi, and the Roman States, when chance brought me in contact and in safe colloquy with an ex-brigand, whose account of his own calling was well calculated to remove the slight degree of romantic feeling with which I could still reflect on the banditti.

I have known ex-ministers, and ex-constitution makers of various countries, and have made my bow to more than one ex-king; but I never was acquainted with more than one notorious and self-confessed ex-robber. The reader will therefore excuse my introducing him with some state and circumstance, and be pleased to take my word, that the scene has not been got up for the occasion, but is truly such as presented itself when I first saw Luca, or, as he was more commonly called, Passo di Lupo (Wolf's step.) Never was scene more romantic or better calculated to revive the visions of boyhood or early youth. It was in the wild but beautiful regions of Monte Gargano, situated between the vast plains of Apulia, so recently overrun by banditti, and the mountains of the Abruzzi, so celebrated for the same characters in days of old. It was near the Adriatic sea and the old town of Peschici, to whose half ruined baronial castle I had gone with the Neapolitan nobleman, whom, with a great extent of adjoining land, it belonged to. Unlike the indolent, careless class that dream away their lives in the capital between San Carlo and the Corso, my friend had devoted much of his time to a country life, and was busy in trying to improve his estates, one hundred and fifty miles away from the vanities of Naples. We had been felling trees and making roads on a grand scale, and among our projected improvements had turned our attention to the procuring of water, of which the country stood tolerably in need. There was a lake in the neighbourhood, and a large and fine lake it is, boasting a classical name moreover; but a dry plain, and a lofty ridge of hills intervened between the Uranus and us, and not a drop of its fluid could we procure thence for our improvements. We had dug a well of appalling depth, but no water would make its appearance. We had repaired the large, rude reservoirs, or open tanks, which caught the rain-water as it fell, and seriously thought of digging and building a new one, when we were led to a fine old tank which existed just where we wanted it, but which the indolent inhabitants had neglected so long, that it was useless, and its existence almost unknown. Our object now was to clean out this, and so to coat the stone wall or lining within it as to prevent the precious fluid from escaping by oozing through it. This promised to be a work of no trifling difficulty—for the old reservoir, which might have been some forty feet in diameter by thirty deep, was grown full of rough, thick bushes, briars, and underwood, while three considerable trees had shot up in the midst—the whole offering that tenacity of root and richness and rankness of vegetation, that distinguish a southern climate. However, when three or four woodmen had worked a whole day within the rude circle, what with cutting and slashing, and hewing with the axe, there was considerable havoc made; and then we determined to finish the work by applying fire. A small quantity of dry wood, and the sundried husks and flags of the Indian corn were thrown in among the lopped branches and the still green boughs and bushes. We waited till some time after sunset for the *terrano* or periodical wind that blew very freshly down a narrow valley, and then applied the match. A smouldering fire, accompanied by a disagreeable pungent sensation, affecting both eyes and nostrils, was soon succeeded by a broad flash of flame, and what seemed almost a general and simultaneous ignition of the contents of our old reservoir. My friend and myself were soon fain to quit the edge of the hollow circle, and to take our station at some yards' distance. Now the fire hissed and crackled, and the flames rose up as though they had proceeded from the crater of a volcano; and what added to the hellishness of the mighty caldron was a number of unfortunate serpents that had long held their undisturbed home in the rank hollow, and now hissed with the flames, and darted through the fire, seeking in vain to escape from the tank, or to find a spot where the fire was not already, or fast approaching. To our own labourers, who crowded round the spot, were soon added groups of peasants from the neighbourhood—and a wilder, more picturesque set of fellows can hardly be found than the peasantry of Monte Gargano. I have seen by night charcoal burners in the forests of that country that might very well have been taken for the fiends of German superstition that haunt the Hartz forest, pursuing the same occupation. But the magnificent conflagration we had lighted far surpassed the blaze of a charcoal pyre; and as the blood-red light which beamed upwards from the deep tank that was seen for the greater part occupied with nothing but glowing embers, struck on the expressive faces of the spectators, all turned towards it, and on the green boughs of lofty trees which grew round the tank; and now and then, as the night wind roared over the hollow, fiercer than the seven-times heated furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, when a flame would tower up higher than the topmost tree of the forest, as if it would invade the deep blue midsummer-night sky, where a crescent moon and the quiet pale stars seemed wondering at what we were doing, the effect produced was of the most striking and even awful character. I have spoken of forest-trees:—I should have said before, that the old reservoir was on the *lisiere* or edge of a forest, which for extent and wildness, and the sublime height of its trees, I have never seen surpassed.

While enjoying this scene and watching the peasants who formed so important a part of it, I was struck with the appearance of a fellow with the deep scar of an old wound across his swarthy brow, and his left arm in a sort of sling. 'Oh! that is Passo di Lupo,' said my friend's factor, when I asked who he was; 'that is Passo di Lupo, who was a long time a brigand, and out with the Vardarelli.' (These Vardarelli were the very Coryphei of modern banditti, of whom more anon). 'Indeed!' said I, rather surprised; 'then what does he here?'

'He returned with others to society,' said the factor, 'some years ago, when the government of King Ferdinand that could not suppress them, offered a free pardon to all who would lay down their arms and accept it.'

I said he was a ferocious-looking fellow, or made some similar remark; to which the factor replied that such was the effect of his former life, but now he was not so bad as he looked; that he was true to his salt, and as for honesty, he might be sent from Peschici to Manfredonia (as nice a road for a robbery as can well be conceived!) with uncounted gold: in short, such were his good moral qualities, and his activity and capability of bearing fatigue, that the factor thought of recommending him to his master, as a *guardiano*.*

On my expressing a wish to know more about him, the factor began his story; but by this time the fire was almost burned out, the tank was almost cleaned, save of a copious residue of cinders and ashes, and my friend, who had heard too many of these stories to care about them, was anxious for his bed. Accordingly we rode back to our quarters in the old castle (where, from my bedroom window I could drop a stone plump into the deep Adriatic), the factor telling me as we went, that if I chose, he would send Passo di Lupo to me on the morrow to relate his own adventures. The ex-robber, he said, was averse to doing this, except now and then in a cosy corner, with a particular friend or two, but no doubt would oblige me, particularly if I would say a word or so in his favour to the prince as to the place of *guardiano*, which he was desirous of obtaining.

It was not, however, on the next day, nor was it till several days after, and when I was thinking of very different matters, that the fellow I had seen by the reservoir made his bow to me as I was mounting my horse for a ride in the forest. The factor had prepared him to be communicative.

The first direct question I asked him was, what had induced him to be a brigand? His answer was truly characteristic; for I scarcely ever heard of a career of crime in Italy but what had its origin in the passion of love, and, odd as it may appear, I never knew a Neapolitan speak of assassination otherwise than as a misfortune that had happened to him in committing it.

'Pease your Excellency,' said the fellow, 'I was making love with a Paesana, and had the misfortune to give a blow of the knife (*un botto di coltello*) to one I thought my rival.'

From his narrative it appeared that his blow had been mortal, and the judicial authorities so injudicious and unreasonable as to *persecute* him who had dealt it; on which he had fled, and after having been hunted from place to place, and put to great straits, he had repaired to the band of robbers commanded by the brothers Vardarelli, whose general haunt was about the Ponte di Bovino, a defile in the mountains not above thirty miles from his own home in the Monte Gargano.

He was not received with open arms as he expected, but, on the contrary, was watched with a jealous eye; nor was it for some time, and until after hearing mass celebrated by a priest who was in league with the banditti, and after taking a most terrific oath, that he was admited into their ranks, and allowed to accompany them in their excursions.

I thought the fellow's hawk-like eyes still beamed joyfully as he talked of stopping government mails and

* Guardiani are *gardes champetres*. They are nearly always armed for the protection of the property on their master's estates.

dignitaries, and rich farmers and graziers from the fairs of Foggia; and as he told me, how, at times, he had scoured the whole plain of Apulia, and crossed the mountains of Basilicata, and plunged into other provinces—meeting nowhere a formidable resistance—nearly everywhere an impunity of plunder. But when I questioned him as to the disposal of that plunder, and how he lived the while, the expression of his countenance was decidedly sad. It appeared that a bolder few, or the bullies, or what he called in Neapolitan language, the *guappi*, of the honest community, invariably possessed themselves of the lion's share of the spoil, leaving to the inferiors of the band less than the jackal's garbled portion. And even the money that was doled out to him he could not enjoy it! It was rarely he could venture into a town to exchange it for the dress, and commodities, or little luxuries he desired—to general, he lost it, quicker than he won it, with his comrades at cards. At, times, with good dollars in his girdle, he could not procure a dish of maccaroni or a draught of good wine. The robbers were frequently so hard pressed, that the sheep they stole were rudely roasted entire (wool, skin, garbage and all), or even torn to pieces and devoured at once while the flesh was still quivering with life. They were, for the most part, obliged to hide themselves in wild forests, in mountain caves, or mountain villages, in accessible places, scarcely less horrid—alternately cajoling and murdering the wretched peasants—now relying on them as trusty accomplices, and now dreading to be betrayed by them into the hands of justice. My interlocutor said that the effect of this ever-watchful, precarious mode of life was such on him, that for years after he quitted it, he could never enjoy a sound sleep in his bed, but that he was constantly starting up convulsively, and shrieking out his former companions' names.

The robbers felt themselves at war with all mankind, and they were not at peace even among themselves. Their quarrels were frequent and violent, and generally ended—as they were likely to do with men so familiarized with crime—in blood and death. So far from placing confidence in each other, a party was never beyond its time reaching the place of rendezvous, or a single brigand missed in the band, than the most agonizing apprehensions of treachery and surprise agitated the mass.

From his account, with the exception of the Vardarelli, the bandit chiefs, and of a few others, the robbers of the Ponte di Bovino, were abominable, and utterly detestable monsters—sunk, by their crimes and excesses, and the habitual practises of their daily lives, beneath the level of the beasts of the forests where they concealed themselves.

MacFarlane's Lives and Exploits, &c.

A SCENE OF SAVAGE LIFE.

The extract which follows, pictures events witnessed by Mr. Hearne on his exploring tour on the Coppermine river, when near the Arctic Ocean. We take it from the recent publication, "Progress of discovery on the more Northern Coasts of America."

"Scarcely had Hearne congratulated himself on reaching the great object of his mission, unpacked his surveying instruments, and prepared to follow its progress to the great Arctic Ocean, when one of those dark and terrible scenes occurred which are so strikingly characteristic of savage life. As soon as Matonabbee and his party gained the banks of the river, three spies were sent out to discover whether any Esquimaux were in the neighbourhood. After a short absence they returned with intelligence that they had seen five tents, about twelve miles distant on the west side of the river. All was now warlike preparation; the guns, knives, and spears were carefully examined; and as they learned that the nature of the ground would render it easy to advance unperceived, it was determined to steal upon their victims in this manner, and put them to death. This plan was executed with the most savage exactness; and nothing could present a more dreadful view of human nature in its unenlightened state than the perfect unanimity of purpose which pervaded the whole body of Indians upon this horrid occasion, although at other times they were in no respect amenable to discipline.

Each man first painted his target, some with a representation of the sun, others of the moon, and several with the pictures of beasts and birds of prey, or of imaginary beings, which they affirmed to be the inhabitants of the elements upon whose assistance they relied for success in their enterprise. They then moved with the utmost stealth in the direction of the tents, taking care not to cross any of the hills which concealed their approach. It was a miserable circumstance that these poor creatures had taken up their abode in such ground that their enemies, without being observed, formed an ambuscade not 200 yards' distant, and lay for some time watching the motions of the Esquimaux, as if marking their victims. Here the last preparations for the attack were made: the Indians tied up their long black hair in a knot behind, lest it should be blown in their eyes; painted their faces black and red, which gave them a hideous aspect; deliberately tucked up the sleeves of their jackets close under the armpits, and pulled off their stockings; while some, still more eager to render themselves light for running, threw off their jackets, and stood with their weapons in their hands quite naked, except their breech-clothes and shoes. By the time all were ready it was near one o'clock in the morning; when, finding the Esquimaux quiet, they rushed from their concealment. In an instant, roused by the shouts of the savages, the unfortunate wretches, men, women, and children, ran naked out of the tents, and attempted to escape; but the Indians had surrounded them on the land side, and as none dared to leap into the river, all were murdered in cold blood; while Hearne, whom a regard for his personal safety had compelled to accompany the party, stood a short way off rooted to the ground in horror and agony.

'The shrieks and groans of the poor expiring wretches,' says he, in his striking account of this dreadful episode in savage life, 'were truly distressing; and my horror was much increased at seeing a young girl, about eighteen years of age, killed so near me that when the first spear was stuck into her side she fell down at my feet and twisted round my legs, so that it was with difficulty that I could disengage myself from her dying grasps. As two Indian men pursued this unfortunate victim, I solicited very hard for her life; but the murderers made no reply till they had stuck both their spears through her body and transfixed her to the ground. They then looked me sternly in the face, and began to ridicule me by asking if I wanted an Esquimaux wife, while they paid not the smallest regard to the shrieks and agony of the poor wretch, who was turning round their spears like an eel. Indeed, after receiving from them much abusive language on the occasion, I was at length obliged to desire that they would be more expeditious in despatching their victim out of her misery, otherwise I should be obliged out of pity to assist in the friendly office of putting an end to the existence of a fellow-creature who was so cruelly wounded. On this request being made, one of the Indians hastily drew his spear from the place where it was first lodged, and pierced it through her breast near the heart. The love of life, however, even in this most miserable state, was so predominant, that though this might be justly called the most merciful act which could be done for the poor creature, it seemed to be unwelcome; for, though much exhausted by pain and loss of blood, she made several efforts to ward off the friendly blow. My situation and the terror of my mind at beholding this butchery cannot easily be conceived, much less described. Though I summoned up all the fortitude I was master of on the occasion, it was with difficulty that I could refrain from tears; and I am confident that my features must have feelingly expressed how sincerely I was affected at the barbarous scene I then witnessed. Even at this hour I cannot reflect on the transactions of that horrid day without shedding tears.'"

THE RUSSIAN MILITARY COLONIES.

"The locating of the military colonies by Alexander was a measure of expediency; Europe shook with terror at the name of them, but there would have been greater cause of alarm, had they not been established. Speaking of these military colonies, we have no where found a more luminous account of them than in M. de Bussiere's pages. Having stated that the colonies of infantry and cavalry afford a total of 46,000 soldiers, fit for active service, and a reserve amounting to about half that number, he says the following details apply more particularly to the regiments of infantry.

"The colonization of a regiment consists in placing it in perpetual cantonments, in a territory which it never quits except for a campaign; and the other inhabitants are attached to the land of the colony, with an obligation to lodge and feed the soldiers, and successively furnish the recruits. Every thing in the colony receives a military stamp. The farmers or tenants are obliged to wear the uniform, are placed under the orders of old officers, and form what is called *the colonised battalion*. During their whole lives they remain subject to a severe discipline, which extends even to the direction of their agricultural labours. Their children are born soldiers; from the age of twelve years they receive the musket and cartouch box. Afterwards they enter into the reserve, and are subsequently placed in the active battalions. After fifteen years' service they return for five years into the reserve, and at last terminate their days as invalids of the colony, unless the inheritance of their fathers, or some new distribution of the land, should cause them to become cultivators or farmers. The male population of a colony is therefore composed of the following elements.

1. *The farmers or cultivators properly so called.*

2. *The cantonists.* The male children of a military colony are thus called. They receive gratuitous instruction in the schools established by the government; at the same time they are taught one or more trades, and are exercised in the use of arms. At the age of eighteen, the strongest are placed in the reserve, after having undergone an examination.

3. *The soldiers of the reserve.* Each colonised regiment has a *battalion* of reserve, one half of which, in the event of war, is united with the active battalions, to enter upon service along with them. The cantonists terminate their military education in the reserve. They remain there for two years, and when at the age of twenty they enter the active battalions, they are fitted to be led at once to the field of battle.

4. *The soldiers of the active battalions.* These are ready to march at the first signal. Their long term of service, and still more the education they have received as cantonists, make them from habit excellent soldiers. Their pay does not exceed eleven roubles a year; but they are clothed by the state, and the cultivators feed and lodge them. If they are themselves the eldest sons of farmers, and their father dies, or if in any other regular way they are called to the succession of a tenant, they are entitled to their discharge, and enter immediately into possession of their farm. As long as they remain under their colours, and no war or extraordinary service keeps them out of the territory of the colony, they serve as farm-servants to the tenants, and their labour repays these last for the expense of their maintenance.

5. *The reserve.* This denomination is bestowed on the old soldiers, who have completed their twenty years service. They enjoy, to the exclusion of the other individuals of the colony, the privilege of *allowing their beards to grow*. Being lodged among their relations or the other farmers, they share their labours, and when age or infirmities have weakened their strength, the government provides for their maintenance.

Finally, 6. A last class, without any particular denomination, comprises the old cantonists, who have performed no military service, on account of the weakness of their constitution, or a superabundance of recruits. These people, thrown upon their own resources, work as farm-servants, or gain their livelihood by the trades which the government has taught them. The lot of the colonised troops appears to me far preferable to that of the other Russian soldiers. These last, from the time they are enrolled, are in some sort dead to their family; all their former relations are destroyed. The soldiers of the colonies, on the other hand, are not torn from their domestic ties; they remain children, fathers of families, even citizens to a certain degree.

As to the ancient serfs of the crown, who have been transformed into farmers or military cultivators, they have not been able as yet to accommodate themselves to their new position. With their affections crushed, these poor creatures grieve in silence. Ignorant simplicity made them value their former existence, and the recollection of this relative happiness, which was founded upon habit, never leaves them. Besides, they were subjected to the most severe labours during the first years; they cleared the ungrateful soil which was assigned to them, built villages, constructed bridges, roads, and canals. But these motives for regret and suffering will not exist for a second generation, whose lot, I think, will be less hard than that of the serfs of the crown. The farmers receive the title of *free men*, and this denomination, if it be ill suited to cultivators bowed down by military despotism, proves at least on the part of the government an intention rather to raise than to depress this class. The state supplies the farmers with a furnished habitation, six or eight hectares (from fifteen to twenty English acres) of land, cattle, and agricultural implements; and they pay neither property tax, nor capitation, nor rent. All that they acquire becomes at their death the property of their natural heirs; the farm which is intrusted to them may in some degree be considered as their patrimony. When age no longer allows them to superintend its labours, or when they feel their end approaching, they themselves nominate their successor. In this manner the possession of a farm may be perpetuated in the same family as a genuine property, and it is only in extreme cases, in consequence of a judicial sentence, that a tenant can be expelled from it.

In general, the power to which the cultivators are subjected is not arbitrary, as in the other villages of Russia. Thus, for example, none of them can be subjected to corporal punishment, without legal forms being gone through; and in each locality the primary jurisdiction is intrusted to an elective magistracy, which exercises at the same time certain functions of police as well as of administration.

Philanthropic precautions are taken to prevent indigence and misfortune. A magazine of wheat, maintained by the inhabitants at large, removes all danger of famine. The sick are taken care of gratuitously in a central hospital; orphans become the adoptive children of the colony, and the maintenance of the widows and the aged is provided for. A savings' and trading bank insures for the farmers the preservation of their gains, and in times of distress even advances money to them without interest, to the extent of five hundred rubles.

The gratuitous instruction given to the children deserves the highest praise. Nothing is neglected to make them at once good agriculturists, well instructed soldiers, and skilful artisans. In the schools, which are organized according to the methods of Lancaster and Pestalozzi, they are taught to read and write; they are exercised in music and singing, are taught the elements of arithmetic, painting, and geometry; and the precepts of religion are explained to them.

Those who display most zeal and aptitude are placed in a school of sub-officers, and these children of moujiks (peasants) have before them a prospect of rising to the rank of officers, which they are entitled to after twelve years of irreproachable service. To sum up all, the internal management of the colonies procures for their inhabitants certain privileges and even positive rights. Liberty would there be sought for in vain; but, at least, order, justice, and the regular action of a paternal authority are seen in the model of slavery.

The life which the officers lead is but little favorable to the development of their instruction, and is painful from being so isolated. An almost general discontent is said to reign among them. Serious embarrassment to the government of the empire may result from this bad disposition of the chiefs, which, up to the present time, is shared by those under their orders. Perhaps in this apprehension may be traced the motive of the mystery in which the institution of the colonies is enveloped. A stranger rarely obtains permission to visit these establishments: even Russians are admitted to them with difficulty. Hence the creation of Alexander has only been more violently censured, and it may even be said that it has become unpopular, if this expression befitted a country where the people have no opinion, where the aristocracy appear in some sort exclusively in possession of the privilege of thinking."

From the N.Y. Atlas.

FALSTAFF ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man."

King Henry IV.

Scene.—Knickerbocker's Study.

Fal. Hal, Prince Hal, I'm glad to see thee, my pupil!

Henry. Falstaff, we have come to have a word in thine ear. We have come to give thee a private lesson on decorum, which thou wilt remember.

Fal. "No more of that Hal, now, an' thou lovest me."

Henry. What dost thou mean by saying "Monsieur Tonson come again; coming, coming, coming"? What dost thou mean by pretending to despise thy superiors, Bulwer, Campbell, and Moore,—whom, forsooth, in affectation of familiarity, thou must term "Tom Moore," as if thou wert his equal? And what blasphemy was that thou spokest against the shade of the sage Bentham? How darest thou to speak thus of my private secretaries, who, indeed, are fit company for princes, for they seek not, like thee, the good only of thyself, but "the greatest good of the greatest number" like true princes.

Fal. Prithee, my liege, did I ever grudge my bottle or my board, that thou ratest me thus?

Henry. Thy bottle or thy board, thou wine-bibber! and hast thou no ideas beyond these?

Fal. (*Leering.*) A pretty girl, a merry wife, alack!

Henry. Silence, I care not to jest with thee. Hear and answer when I bid thee. Why didst thou invite thy superiors to thy table, and then dare to pretend too many came. The true teachers of princes throng to thy board, forsooth!—throng to meet with story tellers and grammarians, and (by thy own account,) gambling fair ones and infant stranglers and note-forgers. Hadst thou known how to choose the company, thy invitation had not been despised, for truly the gravest men might laugh with thee, and laughter has its *utility*, although thou knowest it not.

Fal. My own sweet Hal, my pupil, I'll gi' thee a penn'orth of that at any time, so that thou ratest me not. I'll gi' it for nothing, for I love fun, but no grave books, nor buck-baskets, nor stocks, i' faith.

Henry. Didst thou not well deserve it. That was but an earnest. The next time I find thee offending in public with thy barly antics, the cat-o'-nine-tails shall teach thee what is due to royalty, if there be no other means to teach the difference between things of great and small importance.

Fal. Thou would'st not have thy best friend whipped in his old age. Ah, I see I've lost my friend.—(*Weeps.*)

Henry. We would not have thee scourged, if by any other means thou canst be taught—but, learn decorum, and respect for our royal person. Thou must—and we tell it to thee privily, that thy shame may not again be rendered public.

Fal. Oh Lord! for the good days we have passed together!

Henry. Rather lament for the bad nights—and seek to be forgiven, not by us only, but by the noble minded fair, whose characters thou seekest to slander. Those who smile upon the enthusiastic admirers of order, or even speak upon the subject, are under thy ban, are they? and all because thou sayest they sport their Cashmere shawls at thy expense. Poor simpleton! thy buck-basket adventure shows how much thou knowest of the nature of those whose very names thou should'st not dare to mention. Knowest thou not they love best determined enthusiasts, and it is only such as thou who are thrown, hissing hot, into the cold water? Answer me now in honesty, if thou canst. Could not the smoothe coquette who cheated thee at brag, have taken thy heart much easier than thy money—if indeed thou hast a heart? and might she not have married thee, if the thought were not abomination? Ah! obese shame to all the princes and noblemen of nature! thy words show how little good is in thy heart, and thou condemnest thyself. How low are all thy aspirations after perfection! A bottle and a merry wife—and she another's! for shame be it spoken! Thou art large in bulk, but there is nothing in thee to be angry at, for thou art only a walking feather-bed—and he is but a Quixote who would ever strike the like of thee for glory. Say what thou pleasest: we were in a pet. Thou shalt henceforth be our court-fool, and we will pay thee for thy penn'orth of fun hereafter, in good shillings.

(*Comm'd.*) HENRY REX.

The Lord Chancellor's Salary.—The following is an official account of the Income of the Lord Chancellor from the 1st day of Jan. 1831, to the 1st day of Jan. 1832, with the sources whence such income is derived:—

	£	s.	d.
Salary received by his Lordship at the Exchequer after deductions	4,929	6	0
From the Secretary of Bankrupts	4,250	11	0
From the Purse-bearer, for Fees arising in Bankruptcy and other matters	2,127	2	3
From the Secretary of Fines	593	0	5
From the Clerk of the Crown	309	16	6
From the Clerk of the Letters Patent	305	14	10
From the Clerk of the Hanaper	1,125	19	6
From Fees at the House of Lords	4,089	15	8
	17,731	5	7
Deductions—Paid the Vice Chancellor, 2,500; Land Tax, 450; Writ Duty, 75	3,025	0	0
Net Income	14,706	5	7

LEONARD EDMONDS,
Purse-bearer to the Lord Chancellor.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The *term of life among birds* has been computed from different authors to be as follows:—swan, about 200 years; parrot, about

[illegible] 16 to 18; [illegible] 15 to 17; [illegible] 15 to 17; goldfinch 18 to 20.—[illegible]

THE CONSTELLATION.

N. Y. [illegible], MARCH [illegible]

[illegible] &c.—This work, which we [illegible] last week as issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper, will be found fully adequate to the expectations of those readers who are acquainted with the writings of Mr. MacFarlane. This gentleman, it will be remembered, first appeared [illegible] as the author of "Constantinople in 1828," a work favorably noticed by the critics and reviewers. Subsequent to this, Mr. MacFarlane, (adopting the maxim which has prevailed of late years, that a [illegible] traveller can always possess himself [illegible] on a journey to furnish him—assisted by his imagination, with a romance, adventure [illegible] as a medium for the exhibition of his philosophical deductions on the state, government, &c. of the country he has visited,) produced his tale of the "Armenians," which was enriched with many valuable notes explanatory of the customs, manners and religion of that singular people.

The custom of travellers writing a dissertational sequel to their works, originated with Mr. Morier, the author of the admirable eastern fiction, "Hajji Baba," but unfortunately for the public his followers, though they may have expressed the same anxiety, have frequently been found wanting in ability. This, however, was not the case with Mr. MacFarlane—many parts of his "Armenians" possess an interest that well repays a perusal; in this work he has brought forward much excellent matter in illustration of the early Greek Literature, its subsequent dawn in Italy, and some curious information of the Greek Catholic writings, and the Armenian patriarchal legends, which speak decidedly in favor of the author's industry and talent for research.

The next work from the pen of this gentleman was the "Romance of Italian History," in which he introduced that most extraordinary tale of Italian vengeance, which originally appeared in the "Memoirs" of the celebrated Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. The work before us is the last on which Mr. MacFarlane has been engaged. As a whole, these volumes we have no doubt will be read with that interest which a "taste" for the "wild and wonderful" usually inspires.

Mr. Waldie, of Philadelphia, has also published an edition of this work in his "Circulating Library," from which we extract the following notice of two *female pirates*:

"The first, Mary Read, was an officer's widow, who assumed the dress of a man, and shipped as a sailor, but the vessel being captured by the pirates who sailed from the island of Providence, she remained among them, and was as lawless and savage as any of their number. On her trial it was declared by her companions, that in time of action, no person on board was more resolute, or ready to board, or to undertake any thing that was hazardous, than she and Anne Bonney; that on one occasion, when they were attacked and captured, none kept the deck except these two women and a single sailor. They called to those below, to come up and fight like men; but finding they did not obey, Mary Read fired her arms down the hold, killed one of the crew, and wounded several others. This charge she denied, though it would seem she was not deficient in bravery, for on one occasion she challenged one of the pirates and fought him on shore for some offence to her lover.

Johnson relates a curious anecdote of these two females; so completely was Mary Read disguised by her dress, that sailing in company with Anne Bonney, the latter actually fell in love with her.

Mary was tried and found guilty by the English courts, but died of a fever in prison.

Anne Bonney's history, as related by Johnson, entitles her to a place in the annals of the most infamous of her sex. She went to sea with the piratical Captain Rackman, and bore him company in many of his expeditions, no body on board being more courageous, or ready to lend a hand in perpetrating the darkest deeds of blood. It appears she was reprieved from time to time after conviction, and was not executed, though what became of her is not known."

THE ANTIQUARY.—Messrs. Connor & Cooke have already presented us with the *third part* of their edition of Scott's works. This number contains the conclusion of The Antiquary, and the introduction to Rob Roy. The extraordinary low price of this work—*Thirty seven and a half cents* per number, together with the beauty of its execution, will command for it a ready sale.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The first number of this new periodical has been received, and from a hasty glance we should consider it well entitled to a share of that patronage which we doubt not it will experience. The typography is admirably executed, and on good paper; the contents are—an Introduction, on the Utility of Periodical Literature—Sonnet—Cockburn's Diary—The Fountain Head—Lamartine's reply to Sir W. Scott's Farewell—America and England—Hero and Leander—The Wanderer's return—Muller's Dorians—Lines—Notices of Literature, Arts, &c. &c.

SCHOOLMASTER SAM.

"He had no malice in his heart,
No ruffles on his shirt."

Had you ever been in Elmton, you would remember an unpretending white house that stands near a hundred yards from the quiet street known by the name of Sleepy row; it is the second street from the river, and enters Main just above the apothecary's. You may know it by the row of Sycamores along the right side; and by the way, should you chance to pass there after the dusk of evening, beware of the ditch just inside those same Sycamores; it has caught many an unwary youth in its time; if you look with care, and it is not a very dark night, you will find a plank to cross upon, somewhat rotten, but still serviceable. The house I speak of, I have called white, and white it was in the days of its pride, but now—nay, ten years ago, what with the driving snows of January, and the hard-pattering rains of July, its whiteness was well nigh gone, and it wore instead a livid hue, a hue of melancholy and desolation. Within the mouldering fence which separates the grass plat of the yard from the grass plat of the street, stands a row of semi-withered pines; and on either side the porch, towers a venerable elm. You will hear there no imprisoned songsters, you will see no rose, or tulip, or honeysuckle, bearing witness to the presence of a protecting human hand, but a robin or a cat-bird perchance may be pouring forth its joy from the thick foliage of the elm-trees, and the buttercups and modest dandelions blend their gold with the rich green of the herbage. The pillars of the porch are moss-grown; the well-curb is split and shattered; and were you to essay the sweep,* you would find it move but rustily upon its pin. It is a dilapidated building; at present, I believe it is tenantless; ten years since it was the residence of a patriarch, the venerable Schoolmaster Sam.

Let me, for a moment or two, carry you back in fancy to the year 1782, and give you, even as it was given me, a sketch of the early life of Sam Starbuck.

He was a Green mountain boy, but, though brave enough when need was, he had little of that spirit which centuries since roused all Europe to the crusades, and which but yesterday brought enfeebled Poland into deadly conflict with the giant of the north. When the other youth of his native hill-side were charging, beanpole in hand, upon every thing they met with, he was plucking flowers, or watching the wild birds by the mountain brook. While they, with their snow fort and snow sentinel were reacting the conquest of Ticonderoga by their fathers and brothers, Sam was poring over some antique volume that he had hunted up in the garret. His father was ashamed of him, his mother wondered at him, his mates laughed at him, but his was a tough, *ashen* spirit that scorned the scorn of others. At length came the happy news of peace, Sam was twenty, and so, his bundle upon his shoulder, he bade home and parents good-bye, and was off after his fortune.

It was an Elysium to him—the calm valley of the Connecticut; its beauty was of a new order to his eye, and as he gazed, he wished to go no further. The village of Elmton struck his fancy, and there he fixed his abode. He began his new life as a day laborer; he was strong and willing to work, and did work well at times; but occasionally his employer found him leaning philosophically upon his hoe, watching by the hour together the robin build her nest in the apple-tree near by, or instead of laying out all his strength to get the hay under cover before the rain came on, he would be speculating in his thoughtful way, upon the evolutions of the thunder clouds; and at last lost his place because the farmer found him one day stowed snugly away behind a fence, observing the tactics of a flock of crows that were picking up all the corn that he had sown the day previous. 'Lor now,' said the reasoning ploughman when he found himself dismissed, 'it's main curus you should think so hard o' me, jist 'cause o' this, and yet I guess it's right too, seein as you pay me to work and not to look,'—and so he made his bow and went forth to seek other employment. The truth was, that Sam wanted a stronger motive to work than the mere necessity of gaining bread. Want never entered into a New Englander's head, and contrary to the generality of his fellow mortals, Sam preferred the observation of nature—the luxury of the mind, to soft clothing and dainty food—the luxury of the body.

It was during the second year of his residence in Elmton that Sam fell in love; for a Yankee peasant, fair sir, can love as deeply and as truly as yourself, though his symptoms may be more uncouth. In the mind's eye of my hero there had ever been floating a dim vision of beauty; he had watched all the operations of nature, from the wondrous changes of the heavens down to the equally wondrous budding of the daffodil, but no where had he found the prototype of that lovely dream of his. At last he met Patty Robins, and his heart came directly up in his throat and told him she was the bit of perfection he had been seeking; he backed at once out of the room, ran home, and laying down on his bed, cried, his landlady said, for a good long hour. His courtship I will not attempt to delineate; he twirled his thumbs, and bit his nails, and held his tongue, and looked as awkward as he possibly could for a month or two, and all agreed that he might, if he chose, have Patty for the asking. And now he had something to work for, and work he did like a true lover. Autumn came, but Sam, though he joined in the husking, never dared nor cared to claim the forfeit of the red ears; and winter followed with its cider, and apples, and pumpkin-pies; the sleighs were dragged from under the hay-mow, the merry bells were tied to the necks of the frisky colts and the spavined plough-horses, and away went the lads and lasses, up hill and down,

"Over bush, over brier,
Thorough mud, thorough mire"—

in the true New England style; and Sam among the rest, with his fair bride-to-be, whisked away, he knew not how, for being no driver, he had to trust to his poney to carry him safe through. It was an exciting occasion even to him, and when they came to Squire White's, what with the ride and the dance, the cold without and the heat within, he drank so much of the flip and apple-brandy, that when the return hour came, he scarce knew whether to drive with his fingers or toes; and once again away went the revellers, but not in the orderly trim they came in; *over* the snow-banks they went, and *into* the snow-banks they went; there was laughing and screaming; horses were plunging, and ladies scolding, and gentlemen floundering; one broke his harness, another his shaft, a third his nose. Oh! it was glorious sport. Amid all this hubbub, Sam and Patty sped on with characteristic quietude; she spoke to him occasionally, but received no answer; he was in profound meditation. At last came a sharp corner, the poney was in a hurry to reach home, and with a *whiz-z-z*, round went the light sleigh, and the lovers were left in the snow-drift. I say they were left, but why was not Sam up and in chase of his poney? true enough, why was he not? Patty, when she came to her senses, found her swain lying motionless, his head buried in the drift; with affectionate zeal she dug him out, but he showed no signs of animation. She rubbed his temples, and his wrists; she rolled him over and over; she cried for help, and wept because she had no help. Alas, poor Patty! a fearful fate was thine; watching the body of thy beloved on a snow-bank, the thermometer almost to zero, and not a friend to pity or assist thee. At last, however, she heard a distant shout, a peal of laughter, the pleasant bells, the tread of the horse upon the hard, ringing snow. Patty sprang forward to stop her comrades; the horse, somewhat alarmed at the apparition, turned short to the right, and the party were safely lodged in the opposite bank, for which they voted three cheers. Their mirth was stilled, however, when they heard the tale of the distressed damsel. They placed Sam in the sleigh and held a consultation; one thought he was stifled; another hinted his neck was broke; a third ascribed the catastrophe to over excitement; a fourth agreed in this opinion, but pronounced him to be only dead drunk. For the first time, they noticed that he was breathing as heavily as any of them, and stowing close, they whipped up again, and away to Elmton.

When Sam came to himself next morning—for he had in truth been only tipsy—and learned what his behaviour had been, his conscience smote him; he thought of apologizing, but what could he say? he thought of running away, but where should he run to? Sorely perplexed was he that day, and not a wink did he sleep that night; but before morning his mind was made up; with manly shame he went to his sweetheart, and declared himself unworthy her hand; and she, poor girl, sacrificing feeling to dignity, agreed in the proposition; the next day saw the Vermonter, with haggard and downcast look, upon the road to Boston.

Five years rolled away—to Patty five long and dreary ones. She had been knelt to, time and again, but while Sam Starbuck lived, he was her swain; and till she knew him dead, she would believe him living. In the spring of life, five years is a long, long while; the girl of 18 was now the woman of 23. She looked forth on the same placid river, the same green meadows upon its bank, the hue of the trees had not changed, the song of the bird was the same; summer came, as long and bright, and winter, as fitful and stormy; but in her breast there had been an entire change, and though to the bodily eye, all without was the same, to the spiritual eye it was all different. We talk of the poetry of the world without, but the true poetry is in the breast; *there* is hidden the cunning instrument, and nature is but the handmaid that touches the string; but what has this to do with my tale? It was a fair spring evening that Patty, as she sat by her window, curtained only by the honeysuckle, observed a form coming down the street, that made every nerve in her body quiver. He had the gait, somewhat softened, but still the gait, and look, and bearing of her own true love. No false modesty prevented her from springing to meet him, and in five minutes Sam was sitting again beside his faithful Patty, and telling her his story. Suffice it to say, he had gone away ignorant, and came back educated; he had gone away to seek wisdom, he came back to impart it—to take his standing in the world as a pedagogue, to take the name, to bear the honors of the village schoolmaster.

Of his life thenceforth, I can give you but a skeleton. He was married in due form, and in due time became a father; his school, his fame, his honors increased yearly. He built that old white house; they say that in its time it was as neat and as merry a homestead as any you'd meet with. He had a house full of boarding scholars, and the tales yet circle round the village of the molasses candy that was made in those primeval days; candy of which our degeneracy can form no idea. Play, fun, frolic, was the standing rule after school hours; 'it's instinct,' said the quiet pedagogue, 'it's nature, and it shall have its way.' In his arm-chair beneath that elm I spoke of, his book open upon his knees, the schoolmaster would sit, watching, what of all things he best loved to watch, the motions of the children that played before him on the green; but among those children there was one upon whom his eye rested with more than ordinary delight; it was his own little fairy daughter. She was, if tradition tell truth, a fairy indeed; her untainted lip, her blue eye, that seemed a well of life, her clear, ringing voice worked wonders among the rustics. When she came with her arch look and musical tone, to win your consent to what she would have, they say you might as well have resisted the king himself as her. She was a little empress in the village. I would that I had time to tell of the Thanksgiving revels, the new year speculations, the tricks of April, the sober joys of harvest-time, which were all remembered in the hall of Schoolmaster Sam. Years rolled over the pedagogue, and every year he rose higher and became more respected; as the elders of the place one by one passed away, he came yet nearer to being the great man of the village. But Fortune, as you may have heard, is fickle, and even so proved to our schoolmaster. But here let us rest; he had attained to all the power he desired, the power of doing good; he was respected, beloved, and influential. By his own efforts he had raised himself to the supreme power, nor was Napoleon happier upon his throne, than in his pedagogue's chair, Schoolmaster Sam. It is true he was somewhat proud of his popularity: he loved to take a stranger from house to house, but whether it was to show the neat, orderly families, and blooming inhabitants of his domain; or his own power over those inhabitants, the good man could not have told himself. He loved, too, to call the wondering boors together and astound them by his strange experiments. He enjoyed their surprise and dismay at seeing the hair of the little boy on the glass stool stand up as stiff as though he had seen his grandfather's ghost, and all, as far as they could discover, because the schoolmaster turned a big bottle round, as you'd turn a grindstone. But an odder thing than that, was the fifty pound weight that he could put on your hand by simply making you place it on the top of a glass jar, and pumping out the air, as he called it,—that was something that 'beat the dickens.' However, if he was vain of his influence and knowledge,

"Still e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;"

he exerted that influence for good, that knowledge he loved to communicate; and here, without entering on his misfortunes, let us leave him; some future day, perhaps, if the weather be bilious and uncomfortable enough, we will kill the good man at leisure.

—*Western Monthly Mag.* Z.

* The long lever with a weight at one end and the bucket at the other, and supported in the centre by an upright post, wherewith the country people raise water from the well.

GLEANINGS.

Borrowed Books.—Have you any borrowed books? So much benefit may be derived from books that are loaned, it is a pity to do any thing which shall hinder the practice; but, keeping books a great length of time, tires the patienee of the owners, so that they are less disposed to lend again; and deprives them of the power of lending those books to others, all the

one they are needlessly kept. Some retain books, hoping to have more leisure by and by; and some from carelessness. In either case, let there be a reform. If one has not time at present, the books may be loaned to those who have. If neglect has been indulged, let it be so no longer, nor misuse the kind interest of a friend. Punctuality in returning books, as well as carefulness in the use of them, is not merely an act of polite attention, but a moral and religious duty.

Specific Gravity.—"What was the subject of Mr. A.'s last lecture," said a young man to a gentleman who professed to be much attached to lectures, and had generally attended the series on Natural Philosophy for a number of winters. "It was 'Specific gravity,' and a very interesting lecture it was." "Specific gravity—I do not exactly understand what that is," said the inquirer—"what is it?" "Why, it is difficult to describe; but it is a round piece of silver or tin, a little larger than a dollar, and having a hole through it. Mr. A. had one in his hand, and described it very accurately. It is a very ingenious invention, and every mechanic ought to understand how to use it.—*Portland Courier.*

Fixing.—Waiting to get things fixed before getting married, is like waiting, till we are ready, to die. Tis a chance if we ever get ready in either case.

Wit at a Pinch.—"I don't care if I take a pinch of that," said a man to one who held an open box."—"I don't care if you don't," said the other, putting his box in his pocket.

Amphibious.—More than one half of the male population of Cape Cod are sailors, or men who during some period of their lives have been to sea.

National Industry.—It is estimated that 150,000 watches are annually made in France, and about 200,000 are finished only, the movements of which are made in Switzerland, chiefly of gold, and 350,000 clocks in bronze, gilt, or alabaster cases.

Abstinence.—A large number, perhaps a majority of the standard works of English literature, were composed by men whose circumstances compelled them to adopt a very spare diet, and probably this is one cause of their superiority.—*Hitchcock.*

Earthquakes.—It is the invariable custom of the Caribbee Indians, during any violent earthquake, to assemble and dance to their rude music, rejoicing at an event which they are persuaded bestows new vigour and fertility to the earth.

Education.—In the course of the 30 years preceding 1820, there were established in Europe nearly 8000 free schools, which have been calculated to educate more than 1,500,000 children. From 1820 to 1829, were established in Europe 10,600 schools, instructing 4,700,000 children; in Asia 1000 schools, with 50,000 scholars; in Africa 130, with 50,000; in America 1000, with 380,000; and in Australia, 100 schools, with 25,000 children.

Coopering.—In a country paper, the marriage is announced of a "Mr. *Cooper* to Miss *Staves*:" the result will be *Barrels*, probably.

Lottery Chances.—The following curious fact, is given in an interesting pamphlet, lately published, entitled, "*A brief survey of the great extent and evil tendencies of the Lottery System, as existing in the United States.*" 426 whole tickets, 462 half tickets, 1361 quarter tickets, and 78 eighths of tickets, in various lotteries, amounting in all to two thousand three hundred and twenty-seven chances, were possessed by a man in this city,—the aggregate produce of which was *less than twenty dollars!—Philada. paper.*—[This seems incredible.]

There are now, it is said, on the stocks in the United States, *one hundred and thirty ships* averaging more than three hundred and fifty tons each, and of this number upwards of seventy are building east of Boston.

A summary of the recent report of the Board of Health of this city on the *Expenditures on account of the Cholera* last summer, gives the following particulars:—"The net amount after furniture, lumber, clothing and chloride, remaining, are deducted, 110,000 dollars. The amount for supporting six Hospitals was $36,222 23. Number of patients 2391. The expense of patients at the different Hospitals ranged from $9 60 to $32 84 each—Average $15 13. The pay to Physicians amounted to $38,887 38. About 150 Physicians were employed. The expenses ranged from $5 to $2025."

The city councils of Philadelphia have presented to each of the physicians in chief of the Cholera Hospitals of that city, a splendid *silver pitcher*, as a testimony of civic gratitude for the efficient services rendered by them last summer. The presentation of the pitchers, thirteen in number, was made in the Council chamber, in presence of a large concourse of citizens. The Mayor on delivering the gifts made an address, to which Dr. Chapman on behalf of his medical brethren, replied.

A *Medical Institute* has been organized at *Louisville*, Ky. and incorporated by the Legislature, for the purpose of delivering lectures and conferring degrees, as a school of Medicine and Surgery.—*Banner.*

A DREAM.—MY MOTHER.

I slept—a dream came over me—[illegible]
[illegible] a child again, [illegible]
I thought I saw my mother's [illegible] and [illegible] voice
Sweetly I heard, as [illegible]

I slept—a dream came over me—[illegible]
And every [illegible]
joy;
And then I saw my mother's eye, that [illegible]
play,
And heard her voice, [illegible]

I slept—a [illegible]
world;
And Pleasure's [illegible]
unfurl'd;
Yet still my mother's form was there—[illegible]
near,
And bade me [illegible], for Fancy's dreams, [illegible]
depart.

I slept—a dream came over me—there came a lady fair,
With features soft and beautiful, and light and [illegible]
hair;
She smil'd, and bid me follow her, my mother stood between,
But o'er my mother's shoulders still, that maiden's smile
was seen.

I slept—a dream came over me—I threw around mine eye,
But clouds of darkness met me there, and not my cloudless
sky;
I turned to cling the maiden fair, who'd wil'd me from my
home—
I looked upon the stormy sea, and saw its wild waves
foam.

I slept—a dream came over me—the years of youth had
past,
I'd roved the wide world over long, but found my home
at last;
I visited each early spot, and gave to each a tear,
But most I lov'd to linger o'er my mother's lonely bier.

I slept—a dream came over me—disease was in my brain;
I restless on my pillow turn'd, methought I heard a strain
Of softly-breathing music that seemed floating in the air—
The Heavens op'n'd, and I saw—my mother smiling there.

Metropoli.

REMINISCENCES OF FRONTIER LIFE.

From the early Records of Illinois.

"The first settlement formed of emigrants from the United States, was made near Bellefontaine, Monroe county, in 1781, by James Moore, whose numerous descendants now reside in the same settlement.

[The colony received various additions; and in 1786 was attacked by the Indians, when several persons were killed, and others were made prisoners.]

1788. This year, the war assumed a more threatening aspect. Early in the spring, William Biggs was taken prisoner. While himself, John Vallis, and Joseph and Benjamin Ogle, were passing from the station on the hills to the Block-house Fort in the bottom, they were attacked by the Indians. Biggs and Vallis were a few rods in advance of the party.—Vallis was killed, and Biggs taken prisoner. The others escaped unhurt. Biggs was taken through the prairies to the Kickapoo towns on the Wabash, from whence he was finally liberated, by means of the French traders. The Indians treated him well, offered him the daughter of a brave for a wife, and proposed to adopt him into their tribe. He afterwards became a resident of St. Clair county, was a member of the territorial legislature, judge of the county court, and wrote and published a narrative of his captivity among the Indians.

[Omitting several similar notices we copy the following from the narrative of occurrences in 1790.]

The same year, James Smith, a Baptist preacher, from Kentucky, while on a visit to these frontiers, was taken prisoner by a party of Kickapoos. On the 19th of May, in company with Mrs. Hough and a Frenchman, he was proceeding from the Block-house to a settlement then known by the name of Little Village. The Kickapoos fired upon them from an ambuscade near Bellefontaine, killed the Frenchman's horse, sprang upon the woman and her child, whom they despatched with the tomahawk, and took Smith. His horse being shot, he attempted to flee on foot; and having some valuable papers in his saddle-bags, he threw them into a thicket, where they were found next day by his friends. Having retreated a few yards down the hill, he fell on his knees in prayer for the poor woman they were butchering, and who had been seriously impressed, for some days, about religion. The Frenchman escaped on foot in the thickets. The Indians soon had possession of Smith, loaded him with packs of plunder which they had collected, and took up their line of march through the prairies. Smith was a large, heavy man, and soon became tired under his heavy load, and with the hot sun. Several consultations were held by the Indians, how to dispose of their prisoner. Some were for despatching him outright, being fearful the whites would follow them from the settlement, and frequently pointed their guns at his breast. Knowing well the Indian character, he would bare his breast as if in defiance, and point upwards to signify the Great Spirit was his protector. Seeing him in the attitude of prayer, and hearing him sing hymns on his march, which he did to relieve his own mind from despondency, they came to the conclusion that he was a 'great medicine,' holding daily intercourse with the Good Spirit, and must not be put to death. After this, they took off his burdens and treated him kindly. They took him to the Kickapoo towns on the Wabash, from whence in a few months, he obtained his deliverance, the inhabitants of New Design paying one hundred and seventy dollars for his ransom.

1793. This was a period of contention and alarm. The little settlements were strengthened by the addition of a band of emigrants from Kentucky; amongst which was the family of Whiteside.

In February, an Indian in ambuscade wounded Joel Whiteside, and was followed by John Moore, Andrew [illegible]. They Todd and others, killed and scalped. Soon after, a party of Kickapoos, supposed to have been headed by the celebrated war chief, Old Pecan, made a predatory excursion into the American bottom, near the present residence of S. W. Miles, in Monroe county, and stole nine horses from the citizens. A company of citizens rallied and commenced pursuit; but many having started without preparing for long absence, and being apprehensive that an expedition into the Indian country would be attended with much danger, all returned but eight men. This little band consisted of Samuel Judy, John Whiteside, William L. Whiteside, Uel Whiteside, William Harrington, John Dempsey, and John Porter, with William Whiteside, a man of great prudence and unquestioned bravery in Indian warfare, whom they chose commander.

They passed on the trail near the present site of Belleville, towards the Indian camps on Shoal creek, where they found three of the stolen horses grazing, which they secured. The party then, small as it was, divided into two parts of four men each, and approached the Indian camps from opposite sides. The signal for attack was the discharge of the captain's gun.—One Indian, a son of Old Pecan, was killed, another mortally, and others slightly wounded, and the Indians fled, leaving their guns. Such a display of courage by the whites, and being attacked on two sides at once, made the Indians believe there was a large force, and the old chief approached the party and begged for quarter. But when he discovered his foes to be an insignificant number, and his own party numerous, he called aloud to his braves to return and retrieve their honour. His own gun he had surrendered to the whites, but now he seized the gun of the captain, and exerted all his force to wrest it from him. Captain Whiteside was a powerful man, and a stranger to fear; but he compelled the Indian to retire, deeming it dishonourable to destroy an unarmed man, who had previously surrendered.

The intrepid band was now in the heart of the Indian country, where hundreds of warriors could be rallied in a few hours' time. In this critical situation, Captain Whiteside, not less distinguished for prudence than bravery, did not long hesitate. With the horses they had recovered, they immediately started for home, without loss of time in hunting the remainder. They travelled night and day, without eating or sleeping, till they reached in safety Whiteside's station, in Monroe county. On the same night, Old Pecan, with seventy warriors, arrived in the vicinity of Cahokia. From that time, the very *name* of Whiteside struck terror amongst the Kickapoos.

1795. Not far from this period, the Whitesides and others, to the number of fourteen persons, made an attack upon an encampment of Indians, of superior force, at the foot of the bluffs west of Belleville. Only one Indian ever returned to his nation to tell the story of their defeat. The graves of the rest are now to be seen, in the border of a thicket on the battle-ground. In this skirmish, Captain William Whiteside was wounded, as he thought, mortally, having received a shot in his side. As he fell, he exhorted his sons to fight valiantly, not to yield an inch of ground, nor let the Indians touch his body. Uel Whiteside, who was shot in the arm, and disabled from using the rifle, examined the wound, and found the ball had glanced along the ribs and lodged against the spine. With that presence of mind, which is sometimes characteristic of our backwoods hunters, he whipped out his knife, gashed the skin, extracted the ball, and holding it up, exultingly exclaimed, 'Father, you are not dead!' The old man instantly jumped on his feet, and renewed the fight, exclaiming, 'Come on, boys, I can fight them yet!' Such instances of desperate intrepidity and martial energy of character, distinguished the men who defended the frontiers of Illinois in those days of peril.

During most of the period we have gone over, these people lived under the jurisdiction of the Northwestern Territory. The administration of civil government was conducted in its most simple form; the morals of the people were pure, and much of rural simplicity and hospitality was enjoyed.

For the first eight or ten years of the period I have glanced over, the only professor of religion in the colony was a female, who had been a member of the Presbyterian church; yet the Sabbath was observed with religious consecration.

In a few years, preachers of the gospel were raised up in the country, many of whom are now alive; and notwithstanding the difficulties they had to surmount, and the privations to endure, they have been instrumental in doing much good. In those days, that minister's library was thought to be well supplied, that contained a complete copy of the Holy Scriptures, a copy of Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and Russell's Seven Sermons. There were preachers then, who taught the people in the best manner they were able, without possessing, and without the power of obtaining a *whole copy* of the word of God.

The opportunity for these pioneers to educate their children was extremely small. If the mother could read, while the father was in the corn-field, or with his rifle upon the range, she would barricade the door to keep off the Indians, gather her little ones around her, and by the light that came in from the crevices in the roof and sides of the cabin, she would teach them the rudiments of spelling from the fragments of some old book. After schools were taught, the price of a rough and antiquated copy of Dilworth's spelling book was one dollar, and that dollar equal in value to *five now!*

The first school ever taught for the American settlers, was by Samuel Seely, in 1783. Spelling, reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic, were all the branches attempted to be taught, and these in a very imperfect manner."

ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF CAPTAIN ROSS AND HIS CREW.

The Committee of Management appointed at the last general meeting on the 12th November have ever since been most actively engaged in making the necessary arrangements for carrying into effect, at the earliest possible period, this noble project of national justice and humanity, and it is confidently hoped, so forward are the arrangements, that Capt. Back will be able to commence his perilous enterprise in the early part of January. With the authority of the Committee, Capt. B. had written to Canada, directing a boat of a peculiar construction, and somewhat similar to that employed by Capt. Franklin, when exploring the same northern territory, to be built as soon as possible, and instructions have also been given to advertise for volunteers to accompany the expedition from Montreal. From those who may offer, Capt. Back will select the requisite number on his arrival. A list of the various instruments, articles of clothing, tarpawlings for the erection of tents, and the almost infinity of articles of necessity or comfort which are so imperiously required in such an expedition, has been submitted to the Committee by Capt. B., and orders given that the same should forthwith be provided. The Hudson's Bay Company have also sent out instructions to their agents, to provide the necessary supply of pemmaken and other provisions at the various factories and depots which lie along or are adjacent to the route proposed to be taken. This article, the public are generally aware, is a highly concentrated nutriment. It is prepared in that country from the native cattle, and rendered palatable and preserved by the addition of various condiments; and when in a proper state is as hard as a brick. It is used by scraping a small portion, which being put into a kettle with a quantity of snow-water or ice, and boiled, furnishes a strong and good soup. Capt. B. purposes taking with him from this country only four or five men, and those good ship carpenters, and inured to the northern clime. With these he will take his passage at the earliest opportunity, after the arrangements making in this country are completed, in some vessel bound for Canada or Montreal. On arriving at the latter place, he will select the requisite number of men to complete the expedition. The number he at present proposes is about sixteen. He will then, without delay, proceed with his company northward, using their boat to cross the various rapids they may come to, and at other times dragging it on sledges, or carrying it bodily when this may be impracticable. The rout they will now pursue will be the same as that taken by the Capt Franklin, through the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, as far as the Great Slave Lake, unless the information they may receive in their progress should, in the opinion of Capt. Back, justify a change of plan. For the purpose of procuring intelligence, Capt. B. will endeavour, by every possible means, to conciliate and form friendships with the various tribes of wandering Indians he may meet. In their wearisome progress through these inhospitable wilds, their main dependence for supplies will be upon the depots established by the Hudson's Bay Company. A precarious addition to this supply will be furnished from the herds of deer and flocks of wild fowl which they may occasionally meet with. On reaching the Great Slave Lake they will have attained a point beyond which all is conjecture. North-west, at a supposed distance of several hundred miles, lies the wreck of the Fury, but the nature of the intervening space, whether land or sea, or huge inaccessible icebergs, is unknown. Here, therefore, their most anxious inquiries and their greatest perils will commence. The Fury, if still in existence, a wreck, as when left by Capt. Parry, contains an abundant store of provisions, and Capt. B. purposes ascertaining whether or not Capt. Ross and his crew may not have reached that wreck, and be now subsisting on its stores. Should this not be the case, Capt. Back's further course will be guided by the information he may be able to obtain. But should, unhappily, that intelligence, afford clear and indisputable proof that the intrepid and talented Capt. Ross and his hardy crew have perished, still the subscribers will have the mournful satisfaction of knowing their money is not altogether lost, and that if the noble and primary object of their undertaking, that of humanity, shall have failed, its subsidiary one of scientific exploration will now commence. In that case, Capt. Back proposes taking the Great Slave Lake as a starting point to proceed northward, and to penetrate regions never yet visited by Europeans. According to the natives, there exists to the north a great body of open water, to which they give a name signifying the Great Fish River. Capt. B. proposes ascertaining the correctness of this report, and to devote a period of three years to the acquisition of every knowledge of the country which zeal, talent, and industry may enable him to obtain. The East India Company, with that liberality which characterises them on all occasions, have added 100*l.* to the subscription for the discovery, if possible, of the intrepid Captain Ross and his gallant companions in the Arctic regions. The subscription at present amounts to 2800*l.*, 100*l.* of which was subscribed by Lord Goderich, the only member of the administration who has contributed to this laudable undertaking.—*Eng. pap.*

THE CASTILIAN FARMHOUSE.

Don Francesco, a native of Italy, of Spanish origin, and once the staff of King Joseph, having been the bearer of some despatches to a small corps of the French army, made an appointment with several young officers to take a shooting excursion. Being called away by his military duties, he promised to rejoin his friends as soon as he was at liberty. Accordingly he made the attempt, accompanied only by an old Polish trooper—although some rumours of danger had been circulated in his presence. The story proceeds:—

"They reached the glen where they had left the two Frenchmen in safety, but it was dark, and when they rode up to what they had taken in the morning for a village, nearly every white spot, instead of being a house, was a calcareous rock. There were, however, among these deceptive projections, some half dozen of miserable cottages, where Don Francesco confidently expected to find his friends; but where, on inquiry, he found them not, and if the words of the inhabitants were to be taken, no such persons had been seen there since the morning. Rather inclined to be angry at his friends for their want of punctuality, than to suspect any thing had happened to them, Don Francesco was about to turn his horse's head, when an old goatherd addressed him, and told him he had seen the two strangers cross the hills at the top of the glen, and that doubtless they would be found at a farmhouse in that direction—not more than a good league off, where the game was most abundant.

Spirited on by this intelligence, the young Neapolitan took the direction pointed out to him, and, darker and darker though it became, he and his follower contrived to make good speed for half an hour, when they thought they ought to be near the said farm house.—But when they slackened their pace, and peered through the night-gloom, and listened to catch, if it might be, the barking of a dog, or the tinkling bells of a sheep-fold, or any thing to announce the neighbourhood of a farm or a cottage, they could see nothing, but that the rough path they had hitherto followed now lost itself in a labyrinth of other paths, and nothing in the world could they hear but the panting of their horses and the murmur of the night-wind among the brushwood that grew on every side of them. The country also seemed to be wilder and more desolate even than that they had left—and a country more treeless, houseless, uncultivated, barren, and utterly desolate, than that round Madrid, is scarcely to be found in Europe. Don Francesco, however, was not to be turned back; and, indeed, to go back to the pickets, or to attempt reaching the cantonments, would now have been as difficult as to find out the farm house. He did, therefore, what is perhaps as wise a thing as a man could do under such circumstances, he threw the reins on his horse's neck, and let him choose his own way. The sagacious creature had not gone far, when he drew up his head, and then threw out his nostrils, and then neighed, and the moment after a little glimmering light gave an additional proof that they were near some habitation. 'It is the farmhouse we are seeking,' thought the young man; and going on in the direction of the light, they soon found themselves before a long, low wall, in which after groping for some time, they found a strong wooden gate. As they struck upon this, the light disappeared—then they heard a slight noise—and the light re-appeared, but lower down than it had been seen before. They then heard the sounds of the opening of a door, and then a light was seen approaching them. Nothing doubting but that his friends were within, Don Francesco now called out their names. There was no answer given; but presently the gate before which he stood was unbarred, and they were admitted into an open yard, which seemed to have stabling and barns round three of its sides. From the readiness with which they had gained admittance, both master and man were confirmed in their opinion that their friends must be there, and retired to rest; and they asked no questions until their conductor, an old Spaniard, led them to the door of the house, on whose threshold there stood another Spaniard, who seemed to wear a hospitable smile on his countenance. After a courteous salutation, the young officer asked whether there were not two Frenchmen within.

They were not—they had not been seen—but had they come, there would have been a welcome for them, as there was for those caballeros who now arrived, was the reply.

The fellow's manners were good; there seemed an air of mildness and respectability about him—the night without was as dark as ever, and a cold rain, that had been threatening for some time, now began to pelt most pitilessly; so wishing his friends, wherever they might be, as civil a host and as good a lodging as he seemed to have lighted upon, he gave his horse to his orderly and walked in. The apartment had nothing remarkable about it. Its inmates were, an old woman, another man, whose countenance was not very prepossessing, but not much wilder or more forbidding than the general run of the dingy Castilian peasants, and to these was presently added, besides the host who had entered with Don Francesco, a young and rather pretty girl, who seated herself near the fire, which burned in the centre of the room. To her, of course, the young soldier's attention was presently turned. He saw her lean her head on both her hands as though suffering from pain; and then he saw, or fancied he saw, that she looked at him now and then—looked at him with uneasiness. Perhaps, however, this only struck him afterwards.

As an Italian, whose language is itself so like to the Spanish, Don Francesco had not had much difficulty in learning the latter among; he had now moreover, been some months in the country, and being rather fond of a literary turn, he had paid some attention to books and grammar, &c.—things which the French were very *apt* to despise. And then the French, generally, as we all know, have a remarkable aptitude for languages; so much so, that there was not one in a thousand among them who, even after several years' residence in Italy, could express himself in that beautiful tongue with any thing like propriety of idiom or accent.

As he spoke to them, the Castilians made the remark with astonishment, that Don Francesco spoke such Spanish as they had never heard from the mouth of a Frenchman.

'I am no Frenchman,' said he.

This assertion evidently produced a considerable effect; the Spanish girl fixed her large black eyes on him; the man, who seemed the master of the house, asked him of what country then he was.

When he replied he was an Italian, the host rejoined, 'Oh, then, you are half a Spaniard—but you are here with the French army after all!'

As Don Francesco was thinking he did not altogether like the tone with which the last words were pronounced, and the expression of countenance that accompanied them, his Polish trooper, who had been busy with the horses, came in, and stepping up to his master, whispered in French, 'I hope, sir, we have got into friendly quarters—but there is something I don't quite fancy—there are several desperate-looking fellows in the stable, and I am almost sure the old goatherd who directed us hither is one among them!'

Startled as he was at this information, the young soldier, however, preserved his presence of mind: he felt, that if they had really fallen into a trap, escape by force was utterly impracticable; and that the best thing he could do was to keep a watchful eye on his friends within the house, and to tranquillize his faithful companion, who might be on his guard as to what was going on without. So, affecting to treat lightly the trooper's suspicions, and only telling him to keep the saddles on the horses, and to have their reins ready on their necks, he gave him part of the supper and wine his host had provided, and dismissed him, with a recommendation to sleep as lightly as though he were picketed in the field with the enemy close before him. While he took his own supper, Don Francesco continued his conversation with the Spaniards. So quiet and well disposed did they all again seem, that his apprehensions almost entirely left him, and he taxed himself with folly for having suspected any evil at their hands.

It was by this time waxing late—two of the Spaniards and the old woman had retired one by one, very devoutly wishing him '*la buena noche*,' and that the saints might guard him. The young girl lingered still, but she, too, withdrew at last. Don Francesco then inquired his way for the morrow's journey, and expressing his intention of setting off at daybreak, begged to be shown to his place of rest. His complacent host regretted that his accommodations were not better, and led him up a tottering wooden staircase, or rather a broad-stepped ladder, into a large dark room, which seemed to prolong itself over part of the stabling. There was a narrow window at each end of the room, from one of which he fancied the light that first attracted him must have proceeded. The floor of the room was partly covered with grain and household provisions, but near the farther end, to which they advanced, there were two low couches, one of which was already occupied by somebody with a large Spanish capote thrown over him. The host, putting his finger to his mouth, as if to prevent talking, which might disturb the sleeper, pointed to the mattress in the opposite corner; and no sooner had Don Francesco thrown his military cloak upon it, than whispering him a good night, the host instantly withdrew, and carried the lamp with him. As he descended the ladder, he drew a trap-door after him, and the young soldier heard the noise, as if of a sliding bolt, to secure the door.

This jarred unpleasantly on Don Francesco's nerves. Instead of throwing himself at once on the couch, he grasped his pistols, which he had kept about his person, and drawing his sword, groped his way to the upper end of the room by which he had entered. The intense darkness of the night had somewhat abated—a glimmering of uncertain light penetrated through the low narrow windows, which were opposite to each other, and fell on two small spaces of the flooring, but all the rest of the long room was wrapped in a gloom so dense that he could not see the bright blade of the weapon he held in his hand. With some difficulty he piloted himself through the heterogeneous materials that encumbered the apartment, and by kneeling down and feeling the rough boards with his hand, he detected an iron ring which raised the trap-door. To his surprise and relief, when he applied his arm's strength to this, the door opened at once, and proved his ear had deceived him as to its being fastened. He again thought himself a fool for harbouring suspicion: but before returning to his resting-place, he listened a few seconds at the aperture he had made by only partially lifting up the door. At first all was silent as though he had held his ear over an opened tomb, and then he heard the low murmuring of a voice below as if in prayer. Encouraged by the latter circumstance, and fully deciding once more that he was in the hands of good honest people, he groped his way back to the couch. Still, however, spite of himself, there was a lingering of doubt and suspicion, and before he threw himself on his mattress, he crept across the room to the side of his sleeping companion. Whoever this was, he seemed to sleep most peacefully—with his capote drawn over his head, not even his breathing could be heard.

'People do not sleep this way in a den of robbers and murderers,' thought Don Francesco, who at length wrapped his mantle about him and laid himself down. All remained quiet—he thought a little of the events of the day, and his disappointment, and again hoping that his unpunctual friends had come to no harm, and had found as good lodgings as he had done, he gave way to fatigue and drowsiness, and was falling asleep, when he was suddenly startled by the creaking of a door. Quick as he was, before he grasped his sword and pistols and rose to his feet, a door, which had not been observed in the darkness, was opened between him and the bed on the opposite side of the room, and a little yellow light, as though of a lamp screened, rushed into the apartment.

Though the prospect of a hopeless struggle now presented itself, and the chill of despair fell on his heart, the young soldier levelled his pistol with a steady aim, and had nearly pressed the ready trigger, when he saw that the figure which stole into the room was that of the young Spanish damsel, whose conduct and looks below stairs had attracted his attention.

'Stranger!' said she, in a fearfully agitated whisper, 'put up your arms and follow me—there is hardly a minute between you and murder!'

'Ah! is it so!' said the young man, gasping for breath.

'You will be the first guest that leaves this room alive,' said the girl. 'But haste, or you will be too late!'

'Then let me rouse also this man who sleeps so soundly,' said Don Francesco.

'Think of yourself—he needs not your care!' said the girl.

Even in that extremity of danger the brave soldier could not reconcile himself to the thought of leaving a fellow creature to the knife, and he stepped to the other side of the room. The trembling girl moved with him, drew the capote from the body, and holding down the lamp she held, and turning away her own eyes, disclosed to those of Don Francesco the ghastly countenance of one of the young Frenchmen he had been in search of.

As to what passed after this horrible disclosure,—as to his feelings or his actions, for some seconds, the young man could never render an account. What he first recollected was standing at the head of a flight of rough stone steps, that descended from what appeared to be a hayloft in the courtyard, with the Spanish girl pointing to the wall that enclosed the court. While standing here listening to the directions the girl was giving him as to the road he was to take to reach Madrid—he heard the well-known voice of his poor faithful trooper utter a French exclamation, and the next instant the report of a carbine shot, and then the noise of a deadly scuffle proceeded from that part of the stable which now seemed to be immediately beneath his feet.

'Oh, fly!—it is your only hope—may God go with you!' muttered the agonized girl, still pointing to the wall. More than half stupified, Don Francesco crept down the stone steps; but as he descended, he saw a man, who had come out from the lower apartment or from the stable, advance across the courtyard to the narrow space between the foot of the stairs and the foot of the outer wall of the farm he had to climb. He then heard a long heavy groan—and then four more Spaniards came out and joined the man he had just seen. 'The dog of a Frenchman is done for,' said one, whose voice seemed to be that of the host, 'but he has wounded me sorely in the arm. Quick, however, the noise will have awakened his master, and we shall have trouble in despatching him!'

Don Francesco turned his head—the light and the girl were gone—the door at the top of the staircase seemed closed; but dark as it was, and though he had now crouched in the smallest compass possible under the rude stone ballustrade that ran along one side of the steps, he dreaded they must discover him even from below as he lay there, for by this time one of the men had brought out a lamp.

'He remains quiet, however, as yet,' whispered another voice below; 'perhaps the report of the fellow's gun has not awakened him—let us up, and finish him at once.' The speaker's foot seemed to be on the first step of the stone stairs, the light moved in the same direction, and it was impossible Don Francesco could have escaped another moment, when a shrill female shriek was heard at the opposite end of the house, and a voice cried, 'The Frenchman!—the Officer!' The Spaniards, fancying their aroused victim was there attempting his escape, rushed in that direction; while Don Francesco, understanding and availing himself of the feint, which evidently proceeded from the girl, glided down the stairs, vaulted over the wall with some difficulty, and ran with all his speed from the accursed spot.

Though out of their lair, he was still far from being out of danger. They had horses, and would no doubt speedily pursue him; and then, in the darkness of the night, and in a wild country he had never before traversed, he could not tell whether he was following his young deliverer's directions, or running into fresh scenes of danger—perhaps returning on the very den from which he had escaped. Indeed, in a very short time he heard the hollow, rapid beat of horses' hoofs on the dark heath. The sounds did not, however, seem to approach—on the contrary, they waxed fainter and fainter, until they died away in the direction he fancied must be immediately opposite to that he was taking. Thus encouraged, he summoned up all his strength, and ran for a long time; but the returning agony of his apprehension may be conceived, when he was suddenly brought to a pause by hearing the sound of horses' feet right before him, and advancing to meet him. There was not a tree, a bush on the wide open heath to conceal him from his bloodthirsty pursuers. Fortunately, however, he had retained his dark gray cloak, and wrapping himself in this, he laid himself flat on the ground, hoping that its colour, which assimilated with that of the heath, would prevent him from being discovered. The galloping horses came nearer and nearer; he saw them take the very direction of the spot where he lay. And now another dreadful thought struck him. It might very well be that one of the villains in their haste had mounted his own favourite steed, which, if it came near where he lay, was almost certain to betray him, by stopping or neighing, and thus he would be discovered, even if he escaped the searching eyes of the murderers. He grasped his pistol; his sword was out of its sheath, as it had been since his retreat down the stairs of the house, and thus he lay with the resolution to sell his life dearly.

Meanwhile the horsemen came close upon him—so close, that at one time he thought he should be ridden over; but they passed the spot where he lay without discovering him. He remained supine as he was till the sounds of the hoofs and the villains' dreadful imprecations died away on his ear, when he rose, and again ran forward for some time at the top of his speed.

By this time the first rays of the morning began to appear. Light, however, was of little service to him in that monotonous, unknown country, as to assisting him to find his way, but, on the contrary, if his pursuers still persisted in their search, it would betray him to them. He had run himself out of breath, and was so overcome by fatigue that he was obliged to throw himself on the ground. Having rested for a while, he resumed his journey, and soon came to a tolerably good and what seemed a frequented road.—As he hesitated here what direction he should now take on this road, the distant, measured sounds of a drum faintly struck his ear; he bent his head to the earth, and then heard distinctly that it was a French drummer beating the reveillee. Cheered by these welcome tones, he pursued his way, and in about a quarter of an hour, as day broke into fulness of light, he saw a low, little village close before him, with a detachment of French troops mustering on its outskirts. Setting up a shout of joy, he ran on to the village, where he was presently safe among friends and comrades. His tale of horror was soon told, and a plan of proceeding arranged; but more than two hours passed ere he was sufficiently refreshed to mount a horse, and head the troops in search of the assassins. Unfortunately, too, there was no cavalry on the spot; and what with the difficulty of retracing his steps, and time lost on false scents, it was near noon when Don Francesco drew up the troops before a solitary farmhouse, which from the little he had been able to see of it in the obscurity of the preceding night, he thought must be that which he had escaped from. After having shouted in vain, the soldiers scaled the walls, and burst open the gate. The door of the dwelling house was merely secured by a latch, and when he entered it, if the absence of every inmate had not been proof enough, Don Francesco could have sworn to the apartment. He rushed up the ladder to the accursed loft, expecting to find the body of his friend, but it was gone, and no trace of blood, or of any thing connected with him, was left there. Some of the soldiers meanwhile had gone into the stables, which they found as empty as the rest of the house—all the horses had been removed, as also the body of the poor Pole; but on some straw, in a corner of the stable, they found a little pool of blood. This was the only evidence of crime the premises retained. On looking over the house, it was discovered that the provisions and nearly all the portable articles of household furniture (few, and simple enough in Spain!) had been carried off. It was vain to think of pursuing the fugitives; they failed in their search after the bodies of the young officer and the Pole, and then Don Francesco marched his men to the huts, where, on the preceding night, he had spoken with the goatherd. The huts were as empty as the farmhouse!

To conclude a long story, the murderers were never caught. The companion of the murdered Frenchman, and the boy that had accompanied them, were never more seen or heard of; and it was supposed that, separated by accident, or the design of the Spaniards, from his friend, this second Frenchman met the fate of the first, and that the guide also was killed."

MacFarlane's Lives, &c. of Banditti.

From the N.Y. Atlas.

THE PLAGUE-SMITTEN SHIP.

We embrace the opportunity which this week has afforded to gratify the wishes of our distant correspondent in furnishing him a copy of this tale. Its incidents and its language are such as to take a strong hold of the feelings; and readers who may have met with it before will probably not be disinclined to see it again. In many points it bears a close resemblance to Miss Leslie's legend of the Palatine: but for this let those who are answerable, answer. If the events related impress the reader as too improbable to justify the composition, let him recal the fate of the Sybella, from Antwerp, which arrived in our waters last autumn.

It opens with a scene of festivity,—a ball given by the officers of the *Invincible*, an English man-of-war, about to sail from the Tagus on a trans-atlantic voyage.

"There were, however, two beings in that assembly whose feelings of grief, extending from the heart to the countenance, communicated to the latter an expression which consorted ill with the gaiety of the

surrounding scene. One of these countenances wore the aspect of an intense grief, which yet the mind of the possessor had strength sufficient to keep in a state of manly subjection; the other presented that appearance of unmixed, yet unutterable woe, which woman alone is capable either of feeling or meekly sustaining in silence. Christian Loeffler and Ernestine Frederberg had been married but seven days, yet they were now passing their last evening together ere Loeffler sailed, a passenger in the *Invincible*, to the Brazils. Why circumstances thus severed those so recently united by the holiest ties, and why the devoted Ernestine was unable to accompany her husband, are queries that might be satisfactorily answered if our limits permitted. But the fact alone can here be stated.

The husband and wife joined the dance but once that evening, and then—publish it not at Almack's—they danced together! Yet their hearts sickened ere the measure was ended; and retiring to the raised end of the stern, they sate apart from the mirthful crowd, their countenances averted from those faces of gladness, and their eyes directed towards the distant main, which showed dismal dark and waste, when contrasted with that gay, floating house of pleasure.—Christian Loeffler united a somewhat exaggerated tone of sentiment with a certain moral firmness of mind, which is not unfrequently combined in the German character, and which, joining high strung feelings with powers of soul sufficient to keep them in subjection, presents an exterior composed, and even phlegmatic, while the soul within glows like ignited matter beneath a surface of frigidity.

The revels broke up; and ere the sun had set on the succeeding day, the so recent pleasure vessel was ploughing her solitary way on the Atlantic; her festive decorations vanished like a dream, and even the shores that had witnessed them were no longer within sight.

On the second day of the voyage, the attention of Loeffler was forcibly arrested by the livid and almost indescribable appearance of a young seaman, who was mounting the main shrouds of the vessel. Christian called to him, inquired if he were ill, and in the voice of humanity, counselled him to descend. The young man did not, however, appear to hear the humane caution; and ere the lapse of a few seconds, he loosed his hold on the main yards which he had reached, and rushing, with falling violence, through sails and rigging, was quickly precipitated on the deck. Loeffler ran to raise him; but not only was life extinct, even its very traces had disappeared, and—unlike one so recently warm with vitality—the features of the youth had assumed the livid and straightened character of a corpse long deprived of its animating principle.

The log-book, however, passed a verdict of 'accidental death, occasioned by a fall from the main yard,' on the youth's case, and as such it went down in the marine record, amid notices of fair weather and foul, notwithstanding Loeffler's repeated representations of the young seaman's appearance. Christian's testimony was fated ere long to obtain a fearful credence. On the succeeding day several of the crew sickened; and ere the lapse of another twenty-four hours, death as well as sickness began to show itself. The Captain became alarmed, and a report was whispered through the vessel that the hand of some direful, base, or revengeful Portuguese had mingled poison with the festive viands which had been liberally distributed to the whole crew at the farewell entertainment of the *Invincible*. Loeffler, although a German, was no great believer in tales of mystery and dark vengeance. A more fearful idea than even that of poison once or twice half insinuated itself into his mind, but was forced from it with horror.

The wind which had blown favourably for the last ten days of the voyage, now seemed totally to die away, and left the vessel becalmed in the midway ocean. But for the idle rocking occasioned by the under swell of the broad Atlantic waves, she might have seemed a fixture to those seas; for not even the minutest calculable fraction in her latitude and longitude could have been discovered, even by the nicest observer, for fourteen days. All this while a tropical sun sent its burning, searching rays on the vessel, whose increasing sick and dying gasped for air; and unable either to endure the suffocation below, or the fiery sunbeams above, choked the gangway in their restless passage to and from deck, or giving themselves up in despair, called on death for relief. The whole crew were in consternation; and they who had still health and strength left to manage or clear the ship, went about their usual duties with the feelings of men who might, at a moment's warning, be summoned from them to death and eternal doom.

Loeffler had shewn much courage during these fatal scenes; but when he beheld sickness and death mysteriously extending their reign around him, and bearing away the best and bravest of that gallant crew, he began to think that the avenging hand of God was upon her; and turning his eye towards the broad sheet of ocean waves which rolled between him and the north eastern horizon, was heard to murmur, 'Farewell!—farewell!'

One night, after having for some time tended the beds of the sick and dying, Loeffler retired to his couch, and endeavoured to gain in slumber a brief forgetfulness of all thoughts that weighed down his spirit. But a death-like sickness came over him; his little cabin seemed to whirl round as if moving on a pivot, while his restless limbs found no space for their feverish evolutions in his confined berth. Christian began to think that his hour was coming, and he tried to raise his soul in prayer; but while he essayed to fix his thoughts on Heaven, he felt that his reason was fast yielding to the burning fever which seemed almost to be consuming his brain. He called for water, but none heard or answered his cries. He crawled on deck, and, as the sun had now set several hours, hoped for a breath of the fresh air of Heaven. He threw himself down, and turned his face toward the dark sky. But the atmosphere was sultry, heavy, oppressive. It appeared to lie like an insupportable weight on his chest. He called for the surgeon, but he called in vain: the surgeon himself was no more, and his deputy found a larger demand on his professional exertions than his powers, either physical or mental, were capable of encountering. A human hand at length administered a cup of water. Even the very element was warm with the heat of the vessel. It produced, however, a temporary sensation of refreshment, and Loeffler partially slumbered. But who can describe that strange and pestilential sleep! A theatre seemed to be 'lighted up within his brain,' which teemed with strange, hideous, and portentous scenes, or figures whose very splendor was appalling. All the ship seemed lit with varied lamps; then the lamps vanished, and, instead of a natural and earthly illumination, it seemed as if the rigging, yards and sails of the vessel were all made of living phosphorus, or some strange ignited matter, which far and wide sent a lurid glare on the waters. Loeffler looked up long masts of bright and living fire, shrouds whose minutest interlacing were all of the same vivid element, yet clear, distinct and unmixed by any excrescent flame which might take from the regular appearance of the rigging; while the size of the vessel seemed increased to the most unnatural dimensions, and her glowing topmast—up which Loeffler strained his vision, seemed to pierce the skies. A preternatural and almost palpable darkness succeeded this ruddy light; then the long and loud blast of a trumpet, and the words '*Come to Judgment, forgetters of your God!*' sounded in Loeffler's ear. He groaned, struggled, tried to thrust his arms violently from him, and awoke.

He found his neck distended to torture by a hard and frightful swelling, which almost deprived his head of motion, and caused the most excruciating anguish, while similar indications on his side, assured him that disease was collecting its angry venom. The thought he had often banished now rushed on Christian's mind; and a fearful test, by which he might prove its reality, now suddenly occurred to him. It seemed as if the delirium of his fever were sobered for a moment by the solemn trial he was about to make. He was lying near one of the ship-lights. He dragged himself, though with difficulty, towards it; he opened the breast of his shirt. All was decided. Three or four purple spots were clustered at his heart. Loeffler saw himself lost. Again he cast a languid and fevered glance towards the sullen waters which rolled onward to the Portuguese shore, and once more murmured, 'Farewell! farewell! we meet not till the morning which wakes us to eternal doom.' He next earnestly called for the surgeon. With difficulty that half worn out functionary was summoned to the prostrate German. 'Know you,' said Loeffler, as soon as he saw him, 'know you what fearful foe now stalks in this doomed vessel?' He opened his breast and said solemnly, 'The PLAGUE is amongst us!—warn your captain!'—The professional man stooped towards his pestilential patient, and whispered softly, 'We know all—have known all from the beginning. Think you that all this fumigation—this smoking of pipes—this separation, as far as might be, of the whole from the sick, were remedies to arrest the spread of mortality from poisoned viands? But breathe not, for Heaven's sake, your suspicions among this hapless crew. Fear is, in these cases, destruction. I have still hopes that the infection may be arrested.'* But the surgeon's words were wasted on air. His patient's senses, roused only for an instant, had again wandered into the regions of delirious fancy, and the torture of his swollen members rendered that delirium almost frantic. The benevolent surgeon administered a nostrum, looked with compassion on a fellow being whom he considered doomed to destruction, and secure (despite his superior's fate) in what he had ever deemed professional exemption from infection, prepared to descend to the second deck. He never reached it. A shivering fit was succeeded by deathly sickness. All the powers of nature seemed to be totally and instantaneously broken up, the poison had reached the vitals, as in a moment—and the last hope of the fast sickening crew was no more. Those on deck rushed in overpowering consternation to the cabin of the captain. Death had been there too! He was extended, not only lifeless, but in a state of actual putrescence.

The scenes that followed are of a nature almost too appalling, and even revolting, for description.—Let the reader conceive (if he can without having witnessed such a spectacle) the condition of a set of wretched beings, pent within a scorched prison-house, without commander, without medical assistance; daily falling faster, until there were not whole enough to tend the sick, nor living enough to bury the dead; while the malady became every hour more baleful and virulent, from the increasing heat of the atmosphere, the number of living without attendance, and dead without a grave.

It was about five days after the portentous deaths of the surgeon and commander, that Loeffler awoke from a deep and lengthened, and as all might well have deemed a last slumber, which had succeeded the wild delirium of fever. He awoke like one returning to a world which he had for some time quitted. It was many minutes ere he could recollect his situation.—He found himself still above deck, but placed in a mattress, and in a hammock. A portion of a cordial was near him. He drank it with the avidity, yet the difficulty, of exhaustion, and slightly partook a sea-mess, which, from the appearance, might have been laid on his couch some hours previous to the sleeper's awakening. Life and sense now rapidly revived in the naturally strong constitution of our young German. But they brought with them the most fearful and appalling sensations.

The sun was blazing in the midst of heaven, and seemed to be pouring its noontide ardour on an atmosphere loaded with pestilential vapour. With returned strength, Loeffler called aloud; but no voice answered him. He began to listen with breathless attention; not a sound, either of feet or voices, met his ear. A thought of terror, that for a moment half stilled the pulsation at his heart, rushed on Loeffler's mind. He lay for a moment to recover himself, and collecting those powers of mind and body, over which a certain moral firmness of character, noticed already, (joined, be it observed, with the better strength of good principles) had given him a *master's* command—he quitted his couch, and stood upon deck. God of mercy! what a sight met Loeffler's eye! The whole deck was strewed with lifeless and pestilential corpses, presenting every variety of hue which could mark the greater or less progress of the hand of putrefaction, and every conceivable attitude which might indicate either the state of frantic anguish, or utter and hopeless exhaustion, in which the sufferers had expired. The hand fast stiffening in its fixed clasp on the hair; the set teeth and starting eyeballs showed where death had come as the reliever of those insupportable torments which attend the plague when it bears down its victim by the accumulated mass of its indurated and baleful ulcerations. Others, who had succumbed to its milder, more insidious yet not less fatal attack, lay in the hopeless and composed attitude which might have passed for sleep; but the livid and purple marks of these last corpses scarce capable of being borne to their grave in the 'integrity of their dimensions,' showed that the hand of corruption had been even more busy with them than the fiercer and more tortured victims of the pestilence.—The *Invincible*, once the proudest and most gallant vessel which ever rode out a storm or defied an enemy, now floated like a fast pest house on the waters; while the sun of that burning zone poured its merciless and unbroken beams on the still and pestiferous atmosphere. Not a sound, not a breeze, awoke the silence of the sullen and baleful air; not a single sail broke the desolate uniformity of the horizon; sea and sky seemed to meet, only to close in, that hemisphere of poisonous exhalations. Christian sickened; he turned round with a feeling of despair, and burying his face in the couch he had just quitted, sought a moment's refuge from the scene of horror. That moment was one of prayer; the next was that of stern resolution. He forced down his throat a potation, from which his long habits of sobriety would formerly have shrunk with disgust; and, under the stimulus of this excitement, compelled himself to the revolting office of swallowing a food which he felt necessary to carry him through the task he contemplated. This task was twofold and tremendous. First, he determined to descend to the lower decks, and see whether any convalescent, or even expiring, victim yet survived to whom he could tender his assistance; and, secondly, if all had fallen, he would essay the revolting, perhaps the impracticable, office of performing their watery sepulchre.

Loeffler made several attempts to descend into these close and corrupted regions ere he could summon strength of heart or nerve to enter them. A profound stillness reigned there. He passed through long rows of hammocks, either the receptacle of decayed humanity, or—as was more often the case—dispossessed of their former occupiers, who had chosen rather to breathe their last above deck. But a veil shall be drawn over this fearful scene. It is enough to say that not a living being was found amid the corrupted wrecks of mortality which tenanted the silent, heated, and pestiferous wards of the inner decks. Loeffler was *alone* in the ship! His task was then decided. He could only consign his former companions to their wide and common grave. He essayed to lift a corpse; but—sick, gasping and completely overcome—sank upon his very burden! It was evident he must wait until his strength were further restored; but to wait amid those heaps of decaying bodies seemed impossible.

Night sank upon the waters. The German began to stir in the soul of Loeffler. He was alone—the stillness so unbroken as to be startling. Perhaps within a thousand miles there might be no living human being. He felt himself a solitary, vital thing among heaps of dead, whose corpses, here and there, emitted the phosphoric light of putrescence. He started at every creak of the vessel, and sometimes fancied that he descried, through the darkness, the well known and reanimate face of some departed shipmate. But Christian's was not a mind to succumb to a terror which it must be confessed, might—under similar circumstances—have overborne the stoutest heart. He felt that, under all these disadvantages, his strength was returning in a manner that appeared almost miraculous; and that same night saw many an appalling wreck of humanity consigned to decent oblivion. Sometimes the heart of Loeffler half sunk within him; sometimes he was more than tempted to relinquish his work in despair, yet on he toiled with that energy of body which as much results from mental power, as from physical superiority.

On the evening of the following day but one human form tenanted this deserted ship. As he saw the last of her gallant crew sink beneath the waves, Christian fell on his knees, and—well acquainted with the mother tongue of his departed companions—he took the sacred ritual of their church in his hand. The sun was setting, and by its parting rays Loeffler with steady and solemn voice—as if there were those who might hear the imposing scene—read aloud the burial rites of the Church of England. Scarcely had he pronounced the concluding blessing ere the sun sank, and the instantaneous darkness of a tropical night succeeded. Loeffler cast a farewell glance on the dun waves, and then sighed,—'Rest—rest, brave companions! until a voice shall sound stronger than your deep slumber—until the sea give up its dead, and you rise to meet your Judge!' The noise of the sharks dashing from the waters, to see if yet more victims awaited their insatiable jaw, was the only response to the obsequies of that gallant crew, which had now disappeared forever.

A few sails were still furled, and uncertain whether they were the best or the worst that might be hoisted, Loeffler determined to leave them, preferring the chance that should waft him to any port, to the prolonged imprisonment of the *Invincible*.

Christian sank down, as he concluded his strange and dismal office, completely overwhelmed by physical exertions and the intensity of his hitherto stifled feelings. But there was no hand to wipe the dew from his pale forehead: no voice to speak a word of encouragement or sympathy.

And where was it all to end? Loeffler was no seaman; and therefore, even if one hand could have steered the noble vessel, his was not that hand.—Doubtless the plague had broken out in Portugal; and consequently, the *Invincible*, which had so recently sailed from her capital, would (as in all similar cases) be avoided by her sisters of the ocean.

These thoughts suggested themselves to Christian's mind, as gradually recovering from the senselessness of exhaustion, he lay stretched on deck, listening to the scarce perceptible noise of the water as it faintly rolled against the side of the vessel and as softly receded; while his soul, as it recalled the form of his best beloved on earth, rose in prayer for her and for himself.

Week after week passed away, and still the Solitary Man of the Sea, was the lone occupant of the crewless and now partially dismantled *Invincible*. She had been the sport of many a varying wind, at whose caprice she had performed more than one short and useless voyage round the fatal spot where she had been so long becalmed; but still as if that were the magical, and even malevolent centre of her movements, she seldom made much way beyond it; and light, deceitful breezes were constantly followed by renewed calms. A tropical equinox was, however, drawing near, though the lone seaman was not aware of its approach. The time which he had passed in the anguish of disease, and the aberrations of delirium, had appeared to him of much greater length than its actual duration; and as no tongue survived to correct his error, he had lost all calculations of the motions of time. He listened, therefore, with an ear half fearful, half hopeful, to the risings of the blast. At first it began to whistle shrilly through the shrouds and rigging; the whistle deepened into a thundering roar, and the idle rocking of the ship was changed into the boisterous motion of a storm beaten vessel. Loeffler, however, threw himself as usual on deck for his night's repose; and wrapped in his sea cloak, was rocked to slumber even by the stormy lullaby of the elements.

Towards midnight the voice of the tempest began to deepen to a tone of ominous and apparently concentrating force, which might have startled the most reckless slumberer. Sheets of lightning—playing from one extremity of the sky to the other—shewed the dense masses of rent and scattered clouds which blackened the face of heaven; while the peal of thunder that followed seemed to pour its full tide of fury immediately over the fated ship. The blast when contrasted with the still atmosphere and oppressive heat which had preceded it appeared to Loeffler piercing, and even wintry cold; while the fierce and unremittant motion of the vessel rendered it almost difficult for him to preserve a footing on deck. By every fresh flash of lightning, he could see wide spread and increasing sheets of surge running toward the ship with a fury that half suggested the idea of malevolent volition on their part, while they dashed against the sides with a violence which seemed to drive in her timbers, and swamped the deck with foam and billows. Whether any of these storm tossed waves made their way below—or whether the ship, so long deprived of nautical examination, had sprung a leak in the first encounter of the tempest—Loeffler could not determine, but the conviction that she was filling with water forced itself on his mind. He again cast his eyes to the north eastern horizon, and again uttered aloud—'Farewell! farewell!'

The loneliness of his situation to which time, though it had not reconciled, had habituated him, came upon him with the renewed and appalling sensations of novelty. National and early acquired feelings obtained a temporary triumph over individual strength of character. The torn and misshapen clouds, as their black forms were from time to time rendered visible by the blue light that darted through them appeared to our young German like careering spirits of the tempest, and the rent sails, as they flapped backward and forwards, or were driven like shattered pennons of the blast, seemed, as the momentary light cast their dark shadows athwart the deck, to be the foul fiends of the ocean, engaged in the malign work of dismantling that

* In foreign climates I have often heard the livid spots about the heart above described, cited as the tokens of the Plague.

[illegible] vessel. To Loeffler's temporarily excited imagination, even the tossing billows seemed, in that portentous night, to "surge up" by hundreds the faces of those who had found beneath them a dismal and untimely grave, and the lost mariners appeared to be swarming round the vessel they had so recently manned. But Christian authoritatively bade away these phantoms, and they speedily left a mind too strong to give them a long entertainment.

The storm subsided, and the moon rising over dense masses of cloud—which, dispersed from the mid heaven, now cumbered the horizon—saw our young German lying in the sleep of confidence and exhaustion on the still humid deck. He slumbered on, unconscious that the main deck was now almost level with the waves—unconscious of the dark gulf preparing to receive him. The very steadiness which the waters, accumulating within her, had given to the ship, protracted the fatal repose of the sleeper. He woke not until his senses were restored, too late, by the gushing of the waters over the deck.

Down, down, a thousand fathoms deep, goes the gallant and ill fated vessel, and with her—drawn into her dark vortex—sinks her lone and unpitied inhabitant!

It was in less than a month after this event that Loeffler awoke in a spacious and beautiful apartment, the windows of which opened into a garden of orange and lime trees, whose sweet scent filled the air, and whose bright verdure and golden fruit showed gay and cheerful in the sunshine. Christian believed that his awakening was in paradise; nor was the thought less easily harboured that the object he best loved in life stood by his couch, while his head rested on her arm. 'And thou too,' he said confusedly—'thou, too, has reached the fair land of peace, the golden garden of God?' 'His senses are returning—he speaks—he knows me!' exclaimed Ernestine, clasping her hands in gratitude to Heaven.

She had just received her husband from the hands of the stout captain of a Dutch galliot, whose crew had discovered and rescued the floating and senseless body of Christian on the very morning succeeding the catastrophe we have described. The humble galliot had a speedier and safer passage than the noble man of war; and, in an unusually short time, she made the harbour of Lisbon, to which port she was bound. It is needless to add that the German recovered both his health and intellects, and lived to increase the tender devotion of his bride, by a recital of the dangers and horrors of his Solitary Voyage. T. A. C.

Curious Precaution against Robbers.—In a note to his account of the Vardarelli, Mr. MacFarlane thus speaks of the route by the Bridge of Bovino, in the Neapolitan territory:—"The postillions here have always a dog with them that is taught to run about a hundred yards ahead of the horses, and to bark if he see or scent anybody lurking near the road. These dogs are said to be remarkably sure and sagacious. If the postillions hear them bark, they turn their horses' heads and gallop back. I once underwent a retrograde motion of this sort, and I never travelled so fast in my life as the last time I returned through the Val di Bovino, with the Prince D'I——, in the middle of the night. Spite of the ascent, the postillion, who seemed to be in a fever of affright, galloped his horses nearly all the way."

Riot at Belfast.—On the chairing of Lord Arthur Chichester and Mr. Emerson Tennent a strong body of police moved about in different directions to overawe the mob and before the procession set out several skirmishes took place near the Northern Bank, between them and the rioters from Hercules-street, armed with axes, butchers' cleavers, &c.

When the procession had gone through Church-street, a most injudicious movement was made to pass through Hercules-street, as if in defiance of the rioters. As this instant a rush was made by the rioters—volleys of paving stones, and some shots were fired, and the greater part of the procession fled through Church-street and North-street. Many of the stones struck individuals who formed part of the procession, and dangerously injured them. The mob immediate-proceeded to the demolition of Lord Arthur's triumphal car, which was soon accomplished. The police came down upon them in great haste, and being rudely assailed by the rioters, fired upon them, (pistols, it is said were discharged by some persons who followed the procession), and the melancholy consequence was, that four persons were killed, and great numbers wounded. Two were men advanced in life, the two others were mere boys; and, as is generally the case, they are said to have been no way concerned in the riot, but as spectators. In the course of the affray, one of the horse-police was dismounted, and considerably injured by his horse falling upon him; and many of the police were severely injured by the stones.

Election Promises.—Captain Dundas has promised the electors of Greenwich that whether they elect him or not, he will never pass within ten miles of them without paying them a friendly visit. If the Captain resides in London, he will have an immense number of trips to Greenwich, which is within the ten miles of most parts of town. Every night that he goes to the House he must run down to the electors, who will be within the convenanted distance.

Mr. Ferguson, the successful candidate for Banffshire, pledged himself, if a report in the *Aberdeen Herald* may be true, to make the entire populace who surrounded the hustings, Kings and Emperors! The Hon. Gentleman, however, it is right to state, added a clause, which in some degree qualified his engagements—namely, "if it was in his power."

MARRIED,

In [illegible], on the 12th, Mr John Smith, of [illegible], to Miss Penelope H [illegible], of this city.

On the 12th, Mr James Weth[illegible], to Miss A[illegible] [illegible].

On the 13th, Rev A H Warner, Pastor of [illegible] Dutch Church at Castleton, to Miss Maria Gal[illegible] of this city.

On the 14th, Mr Ferdinand D Foot, to Miss Elizabeth Sterling.

On the 14th, Mr Jacob Thomson, to Miss Ellen Ross.

DIED,

In this city, on the 9th, Mrs Bethany Bartholomews, aged 23.

On the 12th, Mr John S Robertson, aged 20.

On the 12th, Miss Margaret F Wilson.

On the 11th, Mr Robert Sanderson, aged 95.

On the 13th, Miss Jane Brown, aged 67.

On the 12th, Mrs Sarah Hoxen, aged 84.

On the 12th, Mrs Alletta Ryley, aged 41.

On the 15th, Mrs Hannah Cregier, aged 61.

On the 14th, Mrs Agnes Ann Nicoll, aged 71.

On the 14th, Mrs Catherine C Rogers, aged 35.

On the 13th, Mr A B Vredenburgh, aged 22.

On the 16th, Dr Wm Hoffman, aged 52.

On the 17th, Mr John Glass, aged 28.

On the 17th, Mrs Ann F Leggett, aged 30.

On the 16th, Mr John T Stevens, aged 26.

On the 18th, Mrs Theodosia R Randolph, aged 21.

On the 18th, Mr Frederick A Lord, aged 25.

In Albany, on the 11th, Mr Chauncey Hill, (formerly of Weathersfield, Ct) aged 28.

At Rich Hill, near Pittsburgh, on the 17th ult, Mrs Margaret Knox, aged 92. She was sister to Captain James Morrison, who fought so bravely against the British, in the floating battery opposite Philadelphia, in company with the famous Paul Jones.

At Philadelphia, on the 9th, Mrs M Andrews, aged 108.

At London, Jan 25, produced by a severe cold, Charles Dibdin, Esq. for many years author, and manager at several of the Theatres in London.

HURLEY'S—(106 *Broadway.*)

OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 7, for 1833:—13 35 18 21 1 17 49 20 19 53.

P.S. Tickets sold at my office at a larger discount than at any other office in this city.

I have again sold in the above, Prizes of $1000, $500, $400, $300, $200, and several of $100, &c.—and in Lotteries lately drawn I have sold the following splendid Prizes: 1 of $20,000, 2 of $10,000, 5 of $5000, 2 of $3260, 5 of $2500, 2 of $2270, 6 of $2000, 5 of 1500, 4 of 1250, and upwards of 120 of $1000 each, &c.

Wednesday, March 27, will be drawn Extra Class No. 8—66 numbers—9 drawn ballots. Capitals—$10,000, $3,389, 4 of $1,000, 4 of 400, 5 of 250, 5 of 200, 30 of 120, 34 of 100, &c. Tickets only $3—a package of 20 tickets for $53, warranted to draw $23—shares in proportion.

A liberal discount made to all who purchase by the package. Orders enclosing the cash or prize tickets meet the same attention as if personally applied for.

Uncurrent money discounted at the lowest rates. Doubloons, Sovereigns, and American Gold bought and sold.

February 7, 1833. ci3m

H. G. BREES'

LOTTERY & EXCHANGE OFFICE,

No. 217 Broadway, (corner of Vesey street.)

OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery, Class No. 4 for 1833:—30 6 44 57 4 43 2 42 31 61. This drawing must as usual gladden the hearts of Brees' customers, for I have already cashed the half of $1000, and the whole of $500: the $1000 was sold to two coloured men, and the $500 to a southern gentleman:—besides them I sold several of $300, 200, &c., and I advise all who want Capital Prizes in any of the New York Lotteries, to apply early at the Fountain of Opulence, 217 Broadway.

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 69 William st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books, Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.

N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

LORIN BROOKS, *BOOT-MAKER*,

NO. 24 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and Shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. june 13.

PRINTING INK.—The subscriber, who is a practical Printer, has for upwards of sixteen years been engaged in the manufacture of Printing Ink, during which time it has been used extensively in many of the principal printing establishments in the U. States, and he flatters himself has given general satisfaction to his customers.—He respectfully solicits a continuance of the patronage of his typographical brethren. His experience fully enables him to supply his customers with as good Ink as can be obtained in the U. States, of unchangeable colour, and also well calculated for the composition roller; and his arrangements for his manufacture are such, that he can furnish it on as favourable terms.

Ink of various fancy colours, viz. red, blue, green, &c. made to order. GEORGE MATHER,

Oct. 2-i. 111 Prince st. N.York.

SPICE BITTERS.—These Bitters have been long celebrated for their peculiar virtue, in fortifying and strengthening the stomach; they procure an appetite and help digestion, sweeten and purify the blood, remove obstructions, and are found very useful in removing the jaundice; they produce a sweetness of the breath, removing all scorbutic and unsavoury belching, and are a great preventive against fever and agues. They are useful in all seasons of the year, but more particularly so in the Spring, by bracing the fibres, and preventing that disagreable listlessness and weakness arising to frequently from relaxation on the approach of warm weather.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,

j26c 38 Cedar, corner of Wiliam street.

MARBLE DUST, warranted, for sale at manufacturer's price, by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL, Apothecary & Druggist, cor. of Pearl & Rose sts.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

AT RIDGEFIELD, (CONN.)—BY SAML. S. ST. JOHN, A. B.

TERMS.—For Board and Tuition for Boys under 12 years of age, $20 per quarter; from 12, $25. No extra charges, except for Books and Stationery.

The number of Scholars will be strictly limited to 25 and the exclusive attention of the Principal devoted to their improvement. The course of study will be adapted to the wishes of the parents or guardians of each pupil, preparatory to an admission into the Counting House or College. When left to the Principal the studies will embrace a thorough English and Commercial Education.

References—The Faculty of Columbia College,
Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D.D.
Rev. William A. Clark, D.D.
Dr. William Hibbard.

Applications for admission can be made [illegible] to the Principal at Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. (Conn.)

Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Messrs. S.C. & S. Lyons, 256 Pearl street. c3m ins. Jan. 5, 1833.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND

DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO DESIRE A

NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.

From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of

170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR

BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers,

71 WILLIAM-STREET,

NEW YORK.

PEACH ORCHARD, AND LEHIGH COALS.

THE Subscribers have now in yard a full supply of the above Coals, all of which have been selected the past season with great care, and are recommended to the public as first rate being inferior to none in this city, and will always be sold at the lowest market price by applying at the Coal Office No 157 Broadway, or at the yard corner of Morris and Washington Streets.

HENRY STOKES, & CO.

N.B. Also for sale as above, first quality *Liverpool* and *Peach Orchard Nut Coal.* Feb16—c

THE attention of the public is invited to a very superior article of AROMATIC SEIDLITZ POWDERS, which upon trial will prove beyond all comparison unequalled by any now in use. The agreeable aromatic quality added to this composition, will in all seasons not only give a pleasant sensation to the most delicate stomach, but entirely prevent that feeling of chilliness so often complained of, when taking preparations of this nature in cold water. In testimony of the superior qualities and effects of the Aromatic Seidlitz Powders, I beg leave to advert to names of some of the most respectable Physicians, as seen on the wrappers of each box.

Sold wholesale and retail, at the subscriber's; and at the Drug Stores of J. B. Dodd, M. Slocum, and P. Dickey, Broadway. J. P. CARROLL,

No. 25 John street.

⁂ Plain Seidlitz Powders prepared as above.

☞ Merchants, Captains, and Retailers, supplied on the shortest notice, and a liberal allowance made.

EDINBURGH TOOTH-ACHE PASTE.—This celebrated article is constantly receiving fresh proof of its excellence, by numerous respectable certificates. If faithfully applied according to the directions, and a cure not effected, (as sometimes from various causes it may so happen) the money will be refunded on returning the box.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, 38 Cedar, cor. Wm. st.

DR. BARCLAY'S *Concentrated Compound of Cubebs and Sarsaparilla*, an inoffensive, positive, and speedy Remedy for the Cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Seminal Weakness, Strictures, Whites, Pains in the Loins and Kidnies, Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Gravel, and other Diseases of the Urinery Passages.

This most efficacious Preparation is conveniently used, and totally devoid of irritating qualities, frequently performing cures in a few days; it is healthful to the stomach, and by no means unpleasant to the palate; possessing all the active medical properties necessary for the Cure of the above Diseases, without any liability of injury to the system by exposure to the weather. It has obtained the sanction of many of the respectable members of the Faculty, and the approbation of all those who have occasion for its use.

"A Treatise on the Medicinal Properties of Sarsaparilla, compiled from the best Authorities," strongly elucidates the high repute and great success which has long attended its use, in various internal Chronic Diseases.

Another choice ingredient, obtaining great celebrity in Europe, has also been introduced, forming a safe, speedy, and permanent Cure for the above Diseases.

Prepared by S. G. Barclay, M.D., Strand, London; and for sale by the Proprietor's Agent,

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,

No. 38 Cedar street, (corner of William st.)

☞ Observe the signature of "S. G. Barclay" on the stamp of each bottle—as none others are genuine. c

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.

A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's *superior* POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORT FOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the neatest possible manufacture, for sale by

BUSSING & Co., 70½ William street,

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WORM SUGAR PLUMS.—An efficacious and convenient medicine for children, causing worms to be discharged in great numbers, and even when there is no appearance of worms. They are quite beneficial in conveying off the secretion of mucus from the stomach and bowels, which generates them, and is as injurious to children as worms alive. Sold wholesale or retail by

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ICELAND MOSS PASTE, French Jujube Paste, and French Gum Balls, for sale, fresh, by

GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,

Apothecary & Druggist, cor. of Pearl & Rose sts.

TO THE PUBLIC.

MRS. M. CARROLL has the pleasure of informing her friends and the public, that the newly invented *Dentifrice* is composed of the most innocent and [illegible] materials, which not only preserve and beautify the teeth, but render the breath of those who use it sweet and agreeable.

She has the privilege and satisfaction of being able to give reference to many of the largest and most respectable schools, as well as to many of the first rank in society, who have used this valuable composition for several years, during which period they never have been troubled with tooth-ache, sore gums, or bad breath.

The names of respectable families, and proprietors of large schools, in testimony of the above facts, are to be seen at the house of the inventor, No 25 John street, New York.

Directions for Use.—Take a small quantity on a brush, and rub well the inside and outside of the teeth.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Letter from Dr. Mitchill to Mrs. Carroll.

"*Madam*—From the experiments made by myself and several members of my family with your Dentifrice, we think very favourably of it. The preparation, being in the form of a paste or electuary, will be preferred on that account by many, though powders are the more common compositions. I am satisfied, from the exposition you made me of its composition, that it contains nothing injurious to the teeth. On the contrary, it is an application capable of cleansing and whitening them, and of sweetening the mouth. I have no doubt that the persons who have or shall use it, will recommend it to their friends and acquaintance.

I wish you success in the introduction of an article so nearly connected with beauty and health.

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL, M.D."

Also, letters of recommendation from the following gentlemen:—W. M. Ireland, M.D.; Valentine Mott, M.D.; Thomas Boyd, M.D.; Samuel Akerly, M.D.; G. K. Laurence, M.D. mar16 c

TO LET,

THE Upper Part of a genteel and convenient House in Rosevelt street, (between Madison and Chatham streets.) The Premises are five Rooms, a Kitchen, &c. Rent, $225.—Apply to T. BUSSING,

Feb. 16. 70½ William street.

PREMIUM,—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute. "The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth, was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New-York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chamber-street, New-York."

PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied, from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages, the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronunciation. They are *Incorruptible!* and with their *color*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the latest period of human existence. In point of *economy*, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H. N.Y. &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting: and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis: he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by *himself only.*

Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither BROTHER or COUSIN, nor *any other relative*, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York, than where it now is, and has been for years past,

No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.